



The Saturday Review

No. 2058, Vol. 79.

6 April, 1895.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS.

CHRONICLE	433	An A.R.A. as Critic	439	REVIEWS:	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Insects and Flowers	440	Sir George Chesney's "Indian Po-	
Official Denials	435	Carmencita	441	lity." By Sir A. Colvin, K.C.S.I.	447
John Burns's Apologia	435	Musical Anachronisms	442	Two Methods of Colonization	448
The Idol of the House	436	The Living Pictures. By G. B. S.	443	Some Recent Verse	449
The New Route to the Baltic	437	Money Matters: New Issues, &c.	445	The Life of Dean Buckland	451
The Week at Westminster. By		Correspondence:		An Egyptian Queen	451
Robert Wallace, M.P.	438	Classic Greek Art	447	Fiction	452
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		"Ireland for the Irish"	447	New Books and Reprints	453
Peterborough Cathedral	439	Unconscious Snobbishness	447	Reviews and Magazines	455
		The Actor's Ambition	447	ADVERTISEMENTS	456-464

CHRONICLE.

AS soon as it was known that the Government had resolved finally to nominate Mr. Gully for the Speakership, interest in this matter almost died out. We hear that the Government intend to support his candidature with all their strength, and in that case there can be little doubt of his success. But it is curious that when men ask themselves why Mr. Gully should give up a lucrative practice at the Bar and accept a post which he may be turned out of at the end of half a year, or less, the answer comes so pat. In such a case, the Government, it is said, will make Mr. Gully a peer before giving up office, and will enrich him as soon as the whirligig of time brings their party again into power. Verily, the respect of the Radicals for the very House they are by way of destroying is extraordinary.

The House is now beginning to talk of the Local Veto Bill which Sir William Vernon Harcourt is to introduce on Monday next. Some Conservatives, we understand, hope to defeat the Government on this measure, and therefore are trying to pin the Chancellor of the Exchequer to some definite statement of his intention to press the Bill forward during the present session. Merely to introduce it, they say, is to waste time and to trifle with the House; but the doughty Plantagenet is too wily a leader to walk into so manifest a snare. He will insist that his intentions are of the best, that his hopes are indeed lively, but will refuse to commit himself, knowing that the Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill, and the Irish Land Bill, and the various votes in Supply will take up all the time of the House from Easter till August.

Some careful observers, however, are wondering whether the introduction of the Local Veto Bill is intended as a mere sop to a portion of the electorate, or is, indeed, meant to give Sir William Vernon Harcourt an opportunity of bringing on the General Election before the House goes into Committee on the Welsh and Irish Bills and the crudity of certain portions of the Government measures are exposed. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, it is known, does not believe that a new register favours Radicals. In the great towns, and especially in London, a new register is of enormous advantage to the Radical party; but in the small boroughs and in the country districts, Sir William asserts that a new register brings to power what he calls "the floating residuum" of persons who exist almost wholly upon charity, and who are accordingly Conservative.

Some persons are unable to understand why the Government majorities are so much larger now than they were during the debate on the Address. The explanation is not far to seek. An amendment to the Address can be framed cleverly for the purpose of detaching a group of Members from the Government; but when legislative

enactments are being discussed, such tactical freedom is not permitted. Accordingly, two Liberal Unionists felt compelled to vote with the Government for the second reading of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, and nearly a dozen abstained from voting. It must be remembered, too, that no one can keep an Opposition together in large numbers during Supply. Time can then be wasted easily enough; but large divisions are impossible: the old gentlemen go home to dinner without taking the trouble to pair.

For such reasons as these the position of the Government in the last month has improved. Some credit, however, is due to the energy and tact of the chief Liberal Whip. "Tom Ellis," as he is called in the House, is a good fellow and an excellent Whip. There was some prejudice against him at first because he was only a farmer's son; but even Radical Members have had to admit that there is nothing vulgar or provincial about Mr. Ellis, and now they are beginning to ascribe his unfailing urbanity to his Oxford education.

The debate on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill was enlivened on Monday evening last by a characteristic speech by Mr. Birrell. There was a touch of the casuistry of the barrister in the way in which Mr. Birrell argued that the tithes could be appropriated to any public purpose without wronging any institution or individual; but it is not fair to treat the matter of Mr. Birrell's speech seriously, when the manner of it is so much more important and in itself so excellent. No assembly in the world, said Mr. Birrell, was so unfitted to discuss a religious question as the House of Commons. There were in it "pious adherents of the old religion" of these islands, and "members of the Anglican Church"; "Nonconformists of every sort, kind, and hue"; together with "a goodly galaxy of Jews; and one fire-worshipper from the East"; there were also "some Agnostics," who might now profit by "the ingenuity of the leader of the Opposition and call themselves Naturalists," thus "escaping all religious census by being confounded with those most innocent examples of mankind, the stuffers of birds and the collectors of insects." Here the House laughed heartily, and almost forgave Mr. Birrell his high literary reputation.

Sir Robert Low has made a good *début* as commander of the Chitral Expedition. The Malakand Pass has been taken; the Gordon Highlanders and Scottish Borderers especially distinguishing themselves by their dashing gallantry. The British losses are reported to number about sixty, killed and wounded. These, we may conjecture, were due chiefly to the enemy's stone breastworks, that had to be carried at the point of the bayonet. Evidently there is to be plenty of sharp fighting, which will effectually test Sir Robert Low's military capacities. Meanwhile we congratulate him on the success of his first operations.

Cuban revolutions have a way of melting off into nothingness just at the moment when they seem to have come within reach of complete triumph. It would be unwise, therefore, to attach too much importance to the victories which the insurgents seem to be winning in all directions over the Spanish troops on the island. There is no doubt, however, that Spain recognizes the gravity of the situation, for she is sending out reinforcements in numbers which suggest a big war rather than a skirmish with guerilla bands. General Martinez Campos, who languishes neglected in times of peace, but is always brought to the front like a miracle-working relic when Spain is in trouble, is to proceed in person to put the rebellion down. He has had the task on his hands twice before, and has indeed spent a quarter of his whole long military career in Cuba. It does not add to the prospects of his success now to recall that when he brought the last Cuban insurrection to an end, in 1879, it was done not so much by force of arms as by making pledges of reforms and home-rule concessions which the Spanish Cortes afterward flatly refused to fulfil.

The *Westminster Gazette*, whose hobby it is to be impartial, as tea is tasteless, for want of strength, now and then tries its hand at log-rolling. In a series of articles on "Mr. Gladstone in Retirement," it tells us that "the first thing Mr. Gladstone did every morning after breakfast was to read the *Westminster Gazette* through from beginning to end." After the editor has enjoyed this little pat of butter, it of course becomes his duty to return the compliment in kind. "As a conversationalist," we are informed, "Mr. Gladstone has always been famous, and if his 'Table Talks' had been reported they would have made some of the most brilliant literary contributions of the century." It is true that Mr. Gladstone for the last sixty years has talked on every conceivable subject, talked more than any man was ever known to have talked before; yet in the thousand volumes or so which his speeches, if collected, would fill, there would not be half-a-dozen phrases which by any stretch of courtesy could be said to belong to literature. We have been striving to imagine ourselves feebly interested by the chronicle of Mr. Gladstone's walks and naps; but the peaceful thoughts engendered by the reports of his periods of abstraction and silence have been scared away by a ghastly fear lest some one or other may take the *Westminster Gazette* in earnest and give us a volume or two of the Grand Old Man's Table Talk.

The experiment of Constitution-tinkering upon which Belgium, after a prolonged agitation, entered so boldly last year, does not seem to have resulted in pleasing anybody, or in working any particular change. The immediate outcome of the Liberals' pet device of a greatly enlarged electorate was a sweeping triumph of their Clerical opponents in the elections, and ever since we have been reading of Belgian labour troubles, and of violent demonstrations of the proletariat, suppressed by military force, quite as before. Another minor kingdom, Portugal, has determined now upon an experiment in the other direction. By the much simpler process of a royal decree, the Portuguese franchise has been narrowed, and the membership of the Cortes reduced from 149 to 120. Of the numerous additional restrictions, a special interest attaches to the provision that the lawyers and doctors combined must not constitute more than one-sixth of the total number of deputies. Verily, the Portuguese are showing us the way of wisdom.

The lesson to be drawn from the battle of the Yalu with regard to quick-firing guns does not seem to have made the impression one would have expected on the minds even of our best naval authorities. We are glad, therefore, that Lord Charles Beresford called special attention to the question of ammunition and quick-firing guns at the Wednesday meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects. He summed up his case in an amusing pugilistic simile. Supposing, said Lord Charles Beresford, his opponent, who was equal in every other condition, could hit him eight times on the nose with a force of 100 lb. each time, and he had no chance

of hitting his opponent back more than once, where would he be?

On Thursday, 4 April, a deputation, introduced by Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, waited upon Mr. Gardner, President of the Board of Agriculture, to suggest improvements in our slaughterhouse system. The deputation advocated the establishment of public slaughterhouses, and the employment of inspectors with adequate scientific qualifications. Mr. Gardner said he sympathized with the aims of the deputation, especially with their desire to make the treatment of animals for slaughter as merciful as possible. He attributed much of the cruelty that existed rather to ignorance and insensibility than to real vice in the slaughtermen, and promised sympathetic consideration to the subject.

The action of the Mikado in proclaiming an armistice of twenty-one days, as an off-set to the murderous attack made by one of his subjects upon the Chinese peace envoy, Li Hung Chang, has an element of Oriental unexpectedness in its general gracious aspect. Although there is a tendency to assume that this brings the prospects of a definite peace nearer, no one really knows what will happen when the truce ends on the 19th inst. The Reuter despatches from Shimonoseki, purporting to set forth the Japanese conditions of peace, remain unconfirmed, and cannot therefore be accepted as convincing. Nor does there seem much likelihood that any arrangement concluded between China and Japan, whatever its character, will suffice to close the chapter of events in the Far East so violently opened by Japan last August. Two large cruisers of the Russian volunteer fleet have this week left Odessa for Vladivostok, carrying nearly 3000 men, besides great quantities of military stores; and active preparations, which the local papers are forbidden to mention, are reported for the shipment of still more men and warlike material. Even without these reinforcements, the Russian naval and military force hanging upon the northern border of Japanese operations is unusually large, and is held on a war-footing as if for some emergency daily expected. It is not easy to believe that all this has been done that nothing may come of it. Incidentally, a remark made by Baron Brandt, for many years German Minister in China, in a pamphlet just issued at Berlin, deserves notice. He credits the Japanese with an intention of seizing the Philippine Islands, which Spain could hardly defend against them. The suggestion has at least the distinction of novelty.

A week which has seen the burial of Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, Admiral Lord Alcester, General Sir George Chesney, M.P., the Agent-General of the Cape, Sir Charles Mills, and Dr. Payne-Smith, takes a sombre rank in even this new year, which Death seems to have made peculiarly his own. The first-named had reached the patriarchal age of ninety-one, and his career of active service, all passed in India, stretched away back to the days when "John Company" was at his prime, and Queen Victoria was an infant in arms. It is noteworthy that he was a born Strathspey man, a son of the same indomitable Grant clan which has contributed so many fighters to our own army for generations, and gave its name and blood to the foremost of American soldiers as well. Lord Alcester belonged to a family distinguished in our naval annals. He was a man of handsome presence and popular manners, and owed his success rather to the name he bore than to any conspicuous merit. Sir George Chesney scarcely realized in his career the full measure of the promise he showed in the days when he wrote "The Indian Polity" and "The Battle of Dorking," and founded the Indian Engineering College at Cooper's Hill. Sir Charles Mills was a typical example of the success that attends Teutonic habits of industry and thoroughness throughout the world, and Dr. Payne-Smith was an equally excellent type of that *rare avis*, an English scholar. He had nearly completed the great work of his life, "The Syriac Dictionary."

"Z" follows "X" in the *New Review*, and praises his anonymous predecessor's judgment, though he says nothing of his English. "Z," we hear, is Mr. Ivatt Mueller, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; is this true?

OFFICIAL DENIALS.

FOR a month past we have been discussing in these columns week by week the various candidates for the Speakership and the phases of the contest for that highly desirable post. In our issue of 16 March we gave our reasons for thinking that Mr. Courtney should have been Mr. Peel's successor; on 23 March we asserted, "the chief responsibility for Mr. Courtney's retirement rests with Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Chamberlain alone"; and on 30 March we repeated this assertion. From time to time denials of our statement have appeared in the press—denials that in the light of later events may be called official, for on Tuesday last Sir Henry James, of all men in the world, gave to the members of the Liberal Union Club what may be described as a categorical and circumstantial denial of our statement that the responsibility for Mr. Courtney's withdrawal rests chiefly with Mr. Chamberlain. Before considering the exact words used by Sir Henry James, let us state at once that if we had been in any doubt as to the truth of the statement we made on 23 March we certainly should not have repeated it on 30 March, and it will even now take something more than "official denials" to make us withdraw the statement. We should be the more sorry to have done Mr. Chamberlain wrong in this instance, inasmuch as we are not often in full and complete sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain's policy or practice. But official denials, like a woman's "No," are not generally taken very seriously, and it has become a general practice to look upon them with the greatest suspicion when they are most meticulously precise. With this warning we proceed to give Sir Henry James's words as reported in the *Times*: "He wished at once to say that on the question of Mr. Courtney's election to the chair there had been no manner of interference on the part of Mr. Chamberlain. (Cheers.) When Mr. Courtney had to determine whether he would accept the invitation of the Government to become the Government candidate the loyalty of his right hon. friend was clearly demonstrated by the fact that he did not wish to determine that question for himself, but requested Mr. Chamberlain to summon a meeting of the Liberal Unionist party and to submit the question to that meeting. Before coming to a decision Mr. Courtney generously asked his personal friends—some of them friends of long standing—to forget that friendship and to determine the question only in relation to the policy of the party. They were thus placed in this position. Their allies had taken the course of accepting, first of all, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman as the Government nominee and of giving him their support. But, failing Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the Conservatives suggested that Sir M. White Ridley should be elected. But the Government refused that suggestion, and thus Sir Matthew White Ridley remained as the candidate of the Opposition, and was submitted to the Liberal Unionist party as the Unionist candidate. Thus the question was one of supporting or not supporting the candidate put forward by the larger portion of the Unionist party. It was not, therefore, a question for Mr. Chamberlain to determine, and thus there was no foundation for the wicked and untrue statements that there had been an intrigue and a cabal against Mr. Courtney." Before examining Sir Henry James's words with the care they deserve, we must at once point out that some of them are not addressed to us. We have never spoken about an "intrigue or cabal against Mr. Courtney"; but if such statements have been made, we should prefer to criticize them as hysterical or silly rather than as wicked; it is well to give one's opponents the benefit of the moral doubt. Now let us examine carefully this denial of Sir Henry James, and let us first take the first sentence of it. At first sight, it seems to be what we have described it, a "categorical denial" of the assertion that Mr. Chamberlain was chiefly responsible for the withdrawal of Mr. Courtney's candidature; but on considering the words again, we see that the largeness of statement seemingly designed to catch all fish, is simply looseness of mesh meant to allow a particular fish to escape. The accusation against Mr. Chamberlain is not that he interfered, but that he did not loyally support, his colleague Mr. Courtney for the Speakership. Sir Henry James is thus careful

to deny emphatically what no one has taken the trouble to assert. Naturally enough, therefore, we are inclined to regard the rest of his denial, the circumstantial portion of it, with very considerable suspicion. And our suspicions seem to be justified; for Sir Henry James appears to begin his tale just before the meeting of the Liberal Unionist Party, which passed a resolution pledging its members to support the Conservative candidate; but the only public meeting of the party that the public was made aware of took place on 25 March. Mr. Courtney, however, had been the chosen Government candidate a fortnight earlier. He had even withdrawn his candidature, if we are not greatly mistaken, before this public meeting of the party took place. Of course, there may have been a private meeting of the party, which the world knows nothing about, and Sir Henry James may be referring to this private gathering. But it does not look as if he were, for he goes on to tell us that "their allies (the Conservatives) had taken the course of accepting first of all Mr. Campbell-Bannerman," and so forth. But Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's name was only mentioned after it was understood that Mr. Courtney could not reckon on the support of the Unionist party. We are thus forced reluctantly to the conclusion that Sir Henry James's categorical and circumstantial denial suffers under strange defects. It is only categorical when it is beside the point at issue, and only grows circumstantial when in point of time the question was already settled. His "official denial," therefore, confirms and strengthens us in our belief that if Mr. Leonard Courtney is not to-day the accepted candidate of practically the whole House of Commons for the post of Speaker, the responsibility rests chiefly with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

JOHN BURNS'S APOLOGIA.

MR. JOHN BURNS is forcing every one to take him seriously. He is known to have been the chief agent in capturing the last Trades Union Congress, and in inducing that influential body to adopt a socialistic programme. Yet Mr. John Burns, we venture to believe, is not a Socialist in the thoroughgoing sense of the word, but an Individualist, and a very able Individualist, so far at least as power of speech is concerned. He is a born speaker and parliamentarian, rather than a man of business or of action, and he will, we believe, before very long, win for himself a conspicuous place in the House. On last Sunday night he addressed a working-class audience on the dangers that threaten the labour movement; but he soon forsook this depressing theme, and went on to depict the progress which the cause of Labour had made in the last decade. His arguments ran thus: "Workmen should consider what had happened between 1884 and 1894. In the former year labour had little municipal or political power, and the unskilled classes were unorganized. . . . In 1884 they had 200 workmen who were members of local bodies. To-day they had 15,000 working-men on town councils, and 16,000 on parish councils, school boards, and boards of guardians." This increase in the representation of working-men was, as Mr. Burns proceeded to point out, followed immediately by an increase in wages, or, what is the same thing, a decrease in the length of the working day. His summing-up of these advantages is significant. Mr. Burns said: "In 250 cases the fair wages clause had been imposed upon local authorities, and was not that in itself something worth having? In addition, 262 local authorities had become owners of the gas, and water, and electric light supply, mainly during that period; and altogether some half a million of workers had had their hours of work reduced in the direction of the eight-hour day." The meaning of the Labour movement to Mr. Burns manifestly consists in the material amelioration of the workman's lot in life. Mr. Burns dislikes overtime, and he asserted that, "as a result of the diminution of overtime, 297 men had been lately taken on in the Circulation Department of the Post Office alone." The figures are probably to be relied upon. But Mr. Burns must not imagine that the hours of labour can be diminished at will, or that the wages of labour can be increased indefinitely, unless the productivity of labour is increased in equal measure. Statistics in regard to this point are not forthcoming as yet, but we shall hear of them before the present decade has run out.

THE IDOL OF THE HOUSE.

IT has always been difficult to explain or account for certain judgments and prejudices of the House of Commons, and this difficulty has been increased enormously in recent years by the democratization of what was until lately an essentially aristocratic assembly. When the House of Commons used to be called the best club in Europe, the collective opinion of its members was as peculiar and prejudiced and incalculable as the public opinion of Eton or Harrow. The House, in fact, greatly resembled the public school; it adjourned over the Derby, and a hundred of its members went to a prize-fight, very much as the boys, as soon as they heard that one of their number had gained intellectual distinction at either of the Universities, claimed to be relieved for at least a day from the very studies which they were professing to honour. Anomalies of conduct and opinion were as often found in the House of Commons as knots are found in the branches of an oak; but there was a general understanding of their significance, and a feeling that if they could not be satisfactorily explained at a moment's notice, full justification of them must have existed at some time or other. An instinctive piety for traditions and customs, and for the men who had guided the destinies of the nation worthily in the past, was perhaps the most characteristic peculiarity of the House of Commons from the beginning of the eighteenth century up to 1867. Nor was the opinion of that old House of Commons so irrational or even so contemptuous of right reason and intellectual ability as is often supposed. Those within the charmed circle of leaders were judged with a perfect knowledge and almost perfect fairness. Those without the circle remained outsiders to their life's end, whether their names happened to be Edmund Burke or John Smith.

We have altered all that with the Franchise Acts of 1867 and 1885; or, at least, much has been done to alter it. The old barriers have been thrown down, the lists opened to all comers, and though the House of Commons still remains in forms and in feeling an aristocratic assembly, there are many members in it who have little or no respect for its traditions. The new House of Commons is not so well-mannered as the old; it has become to some extent contemptuous of dress and decorum; but it shows an increased sympathy with poverty and destitution, a disposition to consider the workman's interests as well as those of his employer, and a certain tolerance of the views of the uneducated and the least able among its members. It is difficult to say whether the House has gained or lost by these changes. The fact seems to be that as ruler of a world-wide Empire, and in regard to emergencies involving the life of the State, the old House of Commons, with its clanlike traditions and aristocratic methods of action, was probably stronger than the present Assembly. But this might well be denied, for the new Radicalism has shown a determination to strengthen the navy and to ensure our command of the sea at any cost, that might be compared, not only with the short-sighted economies of the Manchester school, but even with the courage and foresight displayed by Pitt in his struggle with Napoleon. And few will be found to deny that in sympathetic dealings with home affairs the present House contrasts favourably with any of those which preceded it. On the whole, it may be said that, inasmuch as the framework of society in England is essentially aristocratic, we have gained rather than lost by democratizing the House of Commons.

One result of this democratization is already apparent. In the old House of Commons there was an air of contemptuous cynicism and of that worldly wisdom which naturally exists among men who have known each other's weaknesses and shortcomings from boyhood. The tone of the present Assembly is more enthusiastic; it shows the hero-worshipping tendency natural to popular ignorance. And thus it comes about that there is now in the House of Commons a man more admired and more beloved than any leader of the past has been. It is only true to say that Mr. Arthur Balfour is more popular with Members of Parliament of all parties than even Canning or Pitt, Chatham or Walpole. Of course Mr. Balfour's popularity is only in part to be accounted for by the constitution of the House; much of it is due to

his own qualities and graces. When he rose the other evening to take part in the debate on the Bill for Dissolving the Welsh Church, he was greeted with a storm of cheering in which members of all parties seemed to join. Even the *Daily News* had to admit this, and to attribute the applause "partly to his extraordinary personal fascination"; and the *Daily News* was right. It is not too much to say that Mr. Balfour is infinitely better liked by the Irish Members than is Mr. John Morley, and that the Liberals have a regard for him personally which they certainly do not feel for Sir Wm. Harcourt, or Mr. Asquith, or even Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. This unbounded popularity began with Mr. Balfour's leadership of the House, and must be ascribed mainly to his wonderful urbanity, courtesy, and charm of manner. He treats every one in the House with deference; he refers to them always respectfully; he seems to esteem them beyond their pretension; he is easy of approach, and eager to oblige; in fact, his politeness would be Oriental in its completeness were it not for the exception he makes in regard to a couple of sages whom he finds it difficult even to suffer gladly. But as these men are not popular with the House—one of them, indeed, most unpopular—and as they sit behind Mr. Balfour, the House, agreeing with him, finds in his dislike a witness to the fairness and fine balance of his mind. Were Mr. Balfour a born speaker, he would find in the present House of Commons a perfect audience. Members crowd to hear him, as they used to crowd to hear Lord Randolph Churchill, or Mr. Gladstone, and they support him with laughter and applause, underlining each point, as they never supported Lord Randolph, or Mr. Gladstone. But Mr. Balfour is not an orator by nature; he has none of the orator's enthusiasms; he never abandons himself on the rhythmic waves of his emotion, never forgets himself in the music of his own words, as the great speaker is accustomed to do; he is precise, and hesitating, and careful, and these his very defects seem to flatter the business instincts of the House. He is said to be scrupulous and reliable. He is never humorous or witty, but often indulges in sub-acid personalities, not bitter enough to be sarcastic, which are hugely appreciated even by those who are the objects of them. In his speech on the Welsh Church Bill he laughed at the Secretary and Under-Secretary of the Home Office for explaining to the House how completely they differ from the Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith's reading of ecclesiastical history, he said, "cut to the root of the whole argument which the Prime Minister used in Wales on this very question"; and the Under-Secretary "evidently thought it only due to his chief to follow on the same lines; and so the Prime Minister has been trampled on, not by one, but by two of his colleagues, which, from my point of view, was a very unnecessary proceeding."

Mr. Balfour not only amuses the House, but he interests and often persuades the House. His mind is an eminently fine one, and is quick to select the strong points in his own case and the weak ones in his opponents'. Speaking on the Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill, he noted the fact that Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire contained more than a million of inhabitants, the whole population of Wales being seventeen hundred thousand. He then went on to show that in this district the Congregationalists, the chief of the Nonconformist bodies, did not now keep up with the increase of population, while in regard to the building of churches, or to the ordaining of clergy, or to the number of persons confirmed, the great work of Christianity "is there being carried out more efficiently by the Church of England than by any of its collaborating sects." And if his mind is equal, or perhaps superior, to that of any of his opponents or colleagues in the House of Commons, his training and reading are not inferior to the best. When he intervened on Friday last in the debate on Mr. Dalziel's motion for "Home Rule all round," he referred with astonishing effect to the writings of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and to the fact that Mr. Morley had pointed out "that one of the great benefits conferred by the French Revolution upon France was that it stamped out the very last remnants of those divisions which even the power of the French Monarchy had been unable to efface," and that it ended by making La Vendée an integral part of France. And not only is Mr. Balfour in intellect and in culture superior probably to every

man in the House; he is also in intimate sympathy with the newest tendencies of the Time-Spirit. In this very debate his modernity of sentiment enabled him to strike the hardest blow at Home Rule which has yet been struck in the House of Commons. The sentences deserve to be quoted: "I feel that this federation, as you call it, is not a step, and cannot be made a step, in the direction of drawing together closer the colonies to Britain itself, but is a step for destroying that centre around which the colonies must crystallize if the British Empire is to remain united. There is no sacrifice, not even the sacrifice of the Constitution of this country itself, that I would not make if I could see every scattered member of our great Empire drawn together into a homogeneous whole as close as that which we in this island constitute at the present moment." No one reading this passage will be astonished that Mr. Balfour is credited by the House of Commons with a very large and a very rare measure of sincerity. We think we have now explained sufficiently the reasons which make him the idol of the House.

Mr. Balfour is not nearly so popular in the country as he is in the House, and perhaps can hardly ever hope to be. His lack of enthusiasm and passion, a certain want of physical power made visible in his ascetic frame, prevent him from becoming a tribune of the people. But if a national calamity should take place in his time, it may well be that in the stress of danger the people, too, would learn to appreciate at their full worth the courage, sincerity, and resolution that enabled Mr. Arthur Balfour in times of danger and disloyalty to play the part of Chief Secretary for Ireland more boldly than any of his predecessors. The very contrast between his attenuated figure and his courage and steadfastness might then strike the popular imagination and by force of contrast win it to a passionate affection.

THE NEW ROUTE TO THE BALTIC.

THE virtual completion of the Nord-Ostsee Kanal, otherwise the North Sea and Baltic Canal, is an affair of considerable importance, commercially and strategically. Its existence, regarded from the commercial side, can be much more easily justified than that of, say, the Manchester Canal, with which undertaking it has some features in common. There is an immense amount of merchandise carried backwards and forwards between Baltic ports and the countries surrounding (roughly) the North Sea. Hitherto ships have been compelled to go by way of the Cattegat and the Sound, which is a mariner's graveyard second to none in Europe. The average number of wrecks in a year in and about this quarter is given as two hundred—a very small proportion of the vessels that use the route, but too large, under any circumstances, considering the insignificance of the spot. By the construction of the canal the majority of vessels will be able to pass in and out of the Baltic without any reference whatever to the Sound and its many dangers, provided, of course, they care to pay the toll of ninepence per ton for the privilege. We have our doubts as to whether sailing vessels will patronize the canal in anything like liberal measure, because, apart from the risk of being shipwrecked, there is little inducement for them to do so. They may save three days, or even a week, on occasion, by following the new route, but when a week is nothing either way—and most of the sailers that go into the Baltic are of small tonnage—save for wages earned and provisions consumed by the sailors, it is not likely that owners will be inclined to disburse hard-earned money for tollage to the German Government. The same argument advanced by us against the chances of sailing ships using the Nicaragua Canal, applies with even stronger force to the Baltic Canal, because (if for no other reason) the question of time lost or saved is narrowed down to a few days at the outside, and a few days are seldom of much account to a brigantine or a brig. With steamers, however, the case is different. To them, or their owners, time is money. The reduction of a journey by from 100 to 400 miles—that is from eight to forty-four hours—means a diminished consumption of coals among other things; and this, taken with the greater despatch secured and the consequent ability to make more trips in the twelve months, will probably countervail any disbursements

in respect of canal tolls, and, it may be, leave a balance on the right side. Not the least important consideration will be the avoidance of the stormy waters and dangerous currents of the Skager Rack and the Cattegat. While, therefore, we scarcely think the new canal will command the whole of the traffic it looks for—7,000,000 tons—we consider that, by the substantial and undoubted advantages it has to offer, a very respectable percentage will in the course of a few years be diverted to it. It is—*longo intervallo*—in the position of the Suez Canal, for it offers at a cheap rate a short cut to a busy part of the world; and we are afraid it will not avail Denmark much in the end that she has made Copenhagen a free port, and is now spending vast sums of money on new docks, light-houses and shelters, and in dredging, &c., in order to render shipping more secure in her waters.

The idea of a North Sea and Baltic Canal is not of recent date, for Oliver Cromwell contemplated the construction of one. The Eider Canal was inaugurated by King Christian of Denmark one hundred years ago, when Schleswig-Holstein was a Danish possession, and though it was a relatively unimportant undertaking as ship canals go, a fairly large amount of tonnage was attracted to it. A small portion of it has been utilized for the purposes of the new undertaking, which runs from Brunsbüttel on the Elbe to Holtenau on the Baltic, about 3½ miles north of Kiel. The distance as the crow flies is about fifty miles; as the canal winds it is nearly sixty-four miles. To make this waterway, between 5000 and 10,000 men, for the most part Italians and Swiss, whose labour is cheaper even than the average German's, have been employed for eight years, and it is significant that the original estimate of the cost has barely been exceeded. In this matter of cost, the Nord-Ostsee Kanal compares favourably with other undertakings of the same magnitude, for the bill only amounts to 156,000,000 marks, or about £7,800,000. It is true, the work has, for the most part, been straightforward, and few extraordinary obstacles have had to be overcome, while, besides the Eider Canal, the lakes of Schirnau, Andorf, and Meckel have been utilized. But ten highways and four railways have been diverted; and at Gruenthal a railway and road are carried over the canal on a high-level bridge at an elevation of 137 feet. Again, it was found necessary to fill up the Meckelmoor, a low-lying boggy swamp west of Rendsburg, with masses of sand brought from other parts of the excavation; and to make a very deep cutting at Gruenthal, which is in the watershed, turning the course of streams in opposite directions towards the Eider and the Elbe. In view of possible naval operations, the canal has been constructed on a generous plan. For nearly forty miles from Kiel the bed of the channel is horizontal, and for the rest of the distance the fall does not exceed 3 in 100,000. The necessity for locks, save at the extremities, was therefore obviated. The two sets of locks are each 500 feet long and 83 feet wide, with a depth of 32 feet on the sill. The canal itself has a surface width of 217 feet, a bottom width of 86 feet, and a depth of 30 feet. The banquette depth at the sides is 19 feet, which is sufficient for practically all the Baltic trading steamers to pass one another without inconvenience or accident. The Baltic lock will be kept open all the year round, except during twenty-five days, when the tides are exceptionally high; and that at the Elbe end will be open from three to four hours during every flood tide. To all intents and purposes, therefore, the canal may be termed a tide-water canal.

The military party in Germany was long opposed to the notion of building the canal. It took its cue from Moltke, whose principal objection was that a whole army corps would be needed to stand guard over the waterway, and who recommended that the money appropriated for the construction—one-third from the kingdom of Prussia, and the balance from the imperial treasury—should be applied to the construction of more warships. Moltke was not often wrong in his suggestions for the safeguarding of the Fatherland, but he looked on the proposed Baltic Canal with the eye of a strategist only, and he gave undue prominence in his own mind to considerations of secondary importance. It is safe to say that nowadays not a single thinking man in the whole of the German empire doubts the wisdom of the arguments which induced the Emperor William I. to decide

upon proceeding with the undertaking. The wonder is—looking at the whole business from the German point of view—that there could ever have been two opinions about the matter. The Baltic Canal will make Germany independent of the northward passage and of any possible blockade of that passage by hostile ships in time of war, and will enable it to mobilize its fleet in either or both seas within twelve hours. Any man who cares to think out this position for himself will be prompt to admit that Germany has a great acquisition in its new ship canal. Still we can hope that its utilization for naval purposes may be long delayed, and that, in the meantime, commerce may benefit by it to an unforeseen extent.

THE WEEK AT WESTMINSTER.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, 5 April.

HERE we are, "ploughing the sands," not by the acre merely, but by the county, and the sand-farmers as industrious and keen as if they were practising legitimate agriculture on the loams of Kent or the East Lothian clay. Nothing can be more certain than that the House of Lords will throw out the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. Yet here we have been having the fullest of "full-dress" debates, flowing over five days, with eager orators, primed to the muzzle, starting up to the very last, by the score, from all parts of the House, each brandishing his sheaf of ominous-looking manuscript, and all madly competing for the apple of the Speaker's eye. Men that want to ventilate their views, or impress their constituents, or make their mark, will not be deterred by the knowledge that they are beating the air. "Sufficient for the day" is a good policy for most human affairs. At all events, it is abundantly adopted, here and elsewhere.

The highest authority in the House is said to have pronounced the debate a good one, and the descriptive reporter is not so unanimous as he usually is in declaring, from his dramatic point of view, that the whole thing has been unspeakably dull. Certainly, to anybody who can look an inch below the surface, the second reading of this Welsh Church Bill passed by Monday's substantial majority of forty-four—containing Mr. Chamberlain, open-eyed to the significance and the responsibilities and the opportunities of a great occasion—is a distinctly momentous event, as being the beginning of what cannot fail to be a highly remarkable end. Mr. Goschen was perfectly right, if naïvely cynical, in distinguishing between the cases of the Irish and the Welsh Church. In the Irish case, he and the rest of us were not disestablishing for Disestablishment's sake, but in this Welsh case we are—and not merely administering a sop to Cerberus. A great historical transformation has begun. A new chapter in the movement of collective human opinion has been formally opened. Civil life is beginning to crack up and scale off the ecclesiastical shell that had been thickening round it since the days of Constantine. We are commencing to take down a famous old house, and Architect Destiny is no doubt busy with the elevations and plans of the new one.

A really romantic situation like this ought probably to have produced a better debate than we had. Perhaps it was the very thing that prevented it. We were on delicate ground, as our clever colleague Birrell put it in a speech replete with genuine humour, although, as regards the gist of it, I thought he rather recoiled in alarm at the sound he himself had made. Parliaments, in the ages of faith, unhesitatingly established "the truth," discussed theology copiously and *con amore*, and cheerfully penalized heresy. We live in another age, when faith has fallen far below persecuting point, and, as Birrell said, there is nothing that makes us shiver like Parliamentary Divinity. So nobody would take the bull by the horns. The Disestablishers would not say straightly that the forms of patristic and mediæval orthodoxy had served their turn, and the anti-Disestablishers would not maintain that they were as good for their purpose as ever, although every thinking man knows that the antagonism here indicated lies at the root of the modern tendency towards the extrication of mundane affairs from ecclesiastical trammels.

But a debate must be carried on somehow. And so controversial brickbats were found in Sunday-school

returns, Stubbs on Tithes, Giraldus Cambrensis, the pious founder, and even the accuracy or otherwise of Lord Rosebery's historical theory of the Reformation, a theory, by the way, which received Sir W. Harcourt's practical support, surely a curious incidental commentary on certain adverse criticisms of the Prime Minister's powers of management. In a fray kept up with so much of what Sir W. Harcourt rightly described as irrelevant material, it is not wonderful that the fence and marksmanship of the champions were not seen at their best.

Perhaps Mr. Goschen was most below his usual "form." I never saw him floundering so before. I notice that when Mr. Goschen is in rhetorical distress, he takes to stroking the left side of his thorax with the corresponding hand, probably a developed survival from days when he and Oxford Union or other competitors were preparing to eclipse Demosthenes, and practised laying their hands upon their hearts as part of the training. The more Mr. Goschen gets into difficulties the faster this friction becomes, and on the present occasion, when he took to recommending the Thirty-nine Articles as a harbour of refuge for Agnostics on account of their breadth, his self-massage became so alarmingly energetic that I heaved a sigh of sympathetic relief when he sat down. Mr. Bryce is a scholar of appalling industry, to whom "Holy Roman Empires," and "American Commonwealths," and similar Cyclopedias are the amusements of an idle hour, and he had kindly written out for us a tripartite treatise, consisting of a statistical speech, a short, though not too short, history of the Middle Ages, and a sermon on "Render unto Cæsar," from the point of view of a fervent Voluntary. But oh the *sancta simplicitas* of the President of the Board of Trade! He actually thinks that Establishmentarian and Disestablishmentarian can "find one common ground" in "the teaching of the New Testament," which he calmly though naturally assumes to favour his own Voluntary creed. Why, I have heard a Covenanting divine bring the whole of the Calvinistic, to say nothing of the Elizabethan, doctrine of the Civil Magistrate out of the Apocalyptic statement that "the earth helped the woman." Nevertheless, thanks to Mr. Bryce for his written speech. When Frontbenchmen, who speak by the hour and a half and then move the closure, boldly plant their MSS. on the dummy despatch-box, the pang of uncertainty at least is subtracted from the general sum of suffering. As sheet after sheet is added to the growing pile of the irrevocable, the diminishing pile of the inevitable becomes more and more enduring with the flight of time. At first we sigh, "One woe is past, and behold there come two woes more hereafter," but by-and-by we sing, "The second woe is past, and behold the third woe cometh quickly," and when the last scrap is gathered to its predecessors, we know that there is only the peroration now between us and deliverance.

To do them justice, neither Mr. Balfour nor Sir W. Harcourt perorated or otherwise behaved oppressively, although neither of them was at his best. If chaff was the proper line, Mr. Balfour supplied it sufficiently, and of the best quality, with the unusual result of making a religious controversy end good-naturedly. On the serious side of it, he was too wise, as Sir William pointed out, to put things indefensibly high, or, like some of his colleagues, insist on something called "national" religion, additional to the religion existing in the individuals constituting the nation. Whether Athanasius would have been satisfied to be told that religion is merely a necessity of a "healthy civilization," and that the creed called by his name might supply this want as well as another, as long as it was sufficiently popular, may be doubted; but Mr. Balfour unquestionably took up the strongest position he could reach when he planted his foot on the utilitarian ground.

Sir William did not profess that he was disestablishing the Church for its "good." Indignant Church champions have called this argument "cant" and "hypocrisy." It would be more parliamentary, and quite as true, to call it "politics," which Sir William perfectly understands. He knows that the establishment of the creeds under penalty to the clergy if they teach differently is the pillar of orthodoxy, Nonconformist and legal alike, and that this pillar removed, tradition will have a less easy time, and so he is satisfied to rely on the discom-

ment of nonconforming Taffy at being snubbed by privileged Church superiority, although he is well aware that unless there were a cosmic force at work that sets little store by tradition, he could not venture to let Taffy have his will. Taffy, poor man, probably does not know that he is the medium of a cosmic force, and may be surprised to hear it, but he is so all the same.

On the Irish Land Bill we are likely to turn up a good many seashore furrows. Mr. Morley opened with some sprightly "language," of Donnybrookish tendency. He charged Carson, Q.C., with "mechanical and automatic violence," and called him one of a "row of Q.C.'s," while he declared that the Scots law term "implement," meaning "fulfil," is a "barbarous" expression, to the intense indignation of the Northern nationality. For my part, I find the jargon and the outs and ins of Irish Land legislation as difficult as, say, the Calculus, Differential or Integral, or both. They call it "technical," I call it unintelligible. What, for instance, are "Townparks," and what has gone wrong with them? I am glad that Carson, Q.C., is going to fight the Bill in Committee, "line by line, and word by word." I may get to know something about townparks and other mysteries then. But I must say I cannot see how Home Rule is to be forwarded by this object lesson in the possibility of settling the knottiest Irish problems in the Imperial Parliament, any more than I can see how my smart young friends Dalziel and Lloyd-George helped the same cause by so dexterously carrying their Home-Rule-All-Round Resolution the other night. It is news to me that England is burning to be broken up into a congeries of separate and independent states, or that Scotland is mad to become a British *La Vendée*. Some devolution probably is required, but that does not mean autonomy; and Britain may come to think of granting no more to Ireland than she wants for herself. I think John Redmond's protest was right from an Irish point of view, and that Mr. Dillon was more complaisant and obliging than patriotic or astute in the "log-rolling" for which Mr. Balfour rebuked him. But as to "log-rolling," now, is it confined to one party? Has not Lord Salisbury blessed Mr. Chamberlain's Poor Man's Programme?

ROBERT WALLACE.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

THE letter which the Dean of Peterborough recently addressed to the morning papers touches upon a matter that even the public at large would do well to consider. "The west front of Peterborough Cathedral," says Dr. Ingram, "is so well known for its beauty and unique character, that its condition can hardly fail to be a matter of widespread interest throughout the country." Indeed, the condition of such a building is a matter of greater public importance than most of us would be at the trouble to realize or allow; but, fortunately, the general indifference to interests of this kind does not diminish their significance or their claims upon our attention. During the late storm, we read, the front of the Cathedral suffered severely: "four of the pinnacles have been injured or destroyed, and it is feared that many other parts of the façade have been seriously shaken." The full extent of the damage has not yet been ascertained; but it is evident that a considerable expenditure is immediately necessary to secure the safety of the west front. "The large amount," says the Dean, in conclusion, "which has during the last twelve years been spent on the work of restoration makes the raising of this additional amount a matter of some difficulty, but this last calamity which has befallen us will, I trust, be considered by many to justify my making an appeal for help beyond the limits of the diocese, the preservation of the west front being a matter of far more than mere local interest."

The west front of Wells Cathedral is more remarkable for the excellence and number of its sculptures; but for the beauty of its architectural character, the west front of Peterborough Cathedral is, as Dr. Ingram truly says, unique; it is to be compared to nothing in the whole extent of English art during the Middle Ages. Unlike the front of Lincoln Cathedral, unlike many of the splendid façades of the great churches in Italy, it is not mere screen, rising above, and hiding from sight, the main body of the building, which it terminates; but it

proceeds by a most beautiful and logical piece of invention from the architectural conditions of the nave and aisles: the gable over the central arch of this front is that of the roof of the nave; the aisles are terminated by the larger towers, which are set back a little, and of which only one is finished; while the other parts also possess something of the same correspondence and sequence with which Nature finishes her handiwork. The form of this building itself is not obscured but emphasized by this front. Not less beautiful and surprising is the device which by the central of the three great arches of this façade are made more narrow and pointed than the two outer arches: a device which only a great artist could have conceived and executed with effect. Nearly the whole of the work, moreover, was carried out at one time, and in the finest period of our Gothic art, during the early part of the thirteenth century. It is not easy, therefore, to overrate the beauty and importance of this monument of English architecture; and what adds further to its interest is, that until our own time it has escaped the last and worst calamity which, during the present century, has overtaken most of our great churches that escaped from the spoil of the Reformation. Peterborough, indeed, suffered much at the hands of the Puritans; but until 1883, when the central tower became insecure, it remained wholly untouched by the blind zeal of a worse fanaticism, the mania for "restoration." Alone among our English cathedrals it retained the antique air and colour which the course of centuries has cast about it, undisturbed, unbroken by the patchwork and renovations of the "restorer." The exact lines of its mouldings were everywhere still tempered by the hand of Time; its walls stained by weather and pencilled by lichen; its carvings crumbled a little; every stone telling its own history: it still possessed, in short, all the picturesque charm which Turner has so admirably preserved in his early drawings of our churches and cathedrals. That it should always continue untouched in this state was, doubtless, impossible; had even the ordinary accidents of time alone assailed it, some measure or another for its preservation would sooner or later have become necessary; but it is not equally certain that, in order to carry out such repairs, it is necessary to destroy the present appearance of the building, to disperse that charm which the passage of time has worked upon it; in short, to "restore" it. For preservation and "restoration" are by no means the same thing.

Of the present insecure condition of the west front there can be little doubt. A settlement in the foundations, occasioned, perhaps, by the drainage of the surrounding fens, had already occasioned some fears as to its safety, before the ravages of the late storm brought matters to a climax. It is most desirable that immediate steps for the preservation of the Cathedral should be taken, and the necessary funds will, no doubt, be forthcoming. But one question still remains; for although the restorations of the last twelve years, to which the Dean refers in his letter, have been carried out with greater judgment and more reticence than has happened in the case of any other English cathedral, signs have not been wanting to show that, had the funds been more abundant, the "restoration" might have been less defensible. The public, therefore, is at least concerned to know, before responding to the appeal of the Dean, in what the preservation of this great work of architectural art is to consist, and to be assured that nothing which may reasonably come under the reproach of "restoration" is to be attempted.

AN A.R.A. AS CRITIC.

THERE is in this month's issue of the *Fortnightly Review* an article by Mr. John Brett, A.R.A., in which he seeks both to counteract the evil influence of the professional critic and to rearrange the circle of the Immortals. This lofty enterprise is undertaken by Mr. Brett with the expressed purpose of economizing the time spent by visitors to the National Gallery, for whom he is concerned to spread "an ample feast of pleasure and perhaps some occasion for gratitude." The nature of the artistic creed expounded by this amiable Academician, who aspires to be the guide, philosopher, and friend of the intelligent student, may be gauged from his description

of Cuypp's masterpiece as "a few underbred sheep and cows jammed together with no other purpose but to receive the yellow light on their fur or wool." With the exception of Van de Velde, who is damned with faint praise, Mr. Brett does not hesitate to condemn all the Dutch "landscape men beyond the pale of possible redemption," and of Kugler, their apologist, he remarks that "a more foolish person never lived." What, we wonder, would Kugler have said of John Brett, A.R.A., in the feathers of art critic and prose writer?

In referring to the British school of painting, Mr. Brett is more appreciative if not more discriminating. He attributes the "promotion" of Crome "to the mellowing virtues of age and the tribute of French admiration," but finds John F. Lewis "the greatest master of tone in modern art." To Constable he grants "neither insight nor industry enough to develop any fine artistic work," while asserting that De Wint's drawings, "like all the works of the early English painters, have been *extravagantly inflated* (*sic!*) of late." The italics are ours, placed there in the hope that Mr. Brett may condescend to inform us what an "extravagantly inflated" picture is; and we trust that the request for a glossary appended to Mr. Brett's next treatise will not be dismissed as the impertinence of the mere critic. Frankly, in the absence of some such guide, we frequently find ourselves in painful uncertainty as to Mr. Brett's meaning. Thus, when he says, "I do not remember that Motley even notices the bare existence of art in the century which he so vilely yet vividly depicts," we know no more whether he intends to decry or to commend than we understand to what the epithet "bare" is applied. Can a vivid description be also a vile one? Perhaps, after all, Mr. Brett is only trying to disarm criticism; but, as the average critic is at least as underbred as Cuypp's sheep, it may be doubted whether this course will ultimately tend to the edification of the National Gallery frequenters, whose reverence for the *au-delà* of art may already have received a severe shock from Mr. Brett's incontinent use of such slang terms as "chucked," "landscape men," and "out of it," while dogmatizing on the demerits of dead and distant painters. We are inclined to think that art criticism loses nothing by being written in English, and that the critic will scarcely be eager to be taught his trade through the medium of such phrases as "intended to contrast the sky," "the properly landscape men," or "the swashing technique of the masterly Tyro." If, as Mr. Brett remarks, "some people dislike correctness both of diction and drawing," this artist, masquerading as a critic, may find acceptance with readers who belong to the former class. The rest are, we imagine, unlikely to place themselves under the guidance of any painter, however "experienced," whose knowledge of English would disgrace a Board-school boy, or a lady journalist.

Let us here remind Mr. Brett that experience, though doubtless valuable, is not the only or even the first essential quality in the equipment of the ideal art critic. If the rare intuitive sympathy, that power of projecting the soul into the masterpiece of another man's genius, be absent, of what avail is the experience of all the ages? The mere fact of having studied much or painted much, will not atone for the lack of the genuine faculty of discrimination, that sense which can disintegrate without destroying and appreciate without adulation. The great art critics, like Winckelmann, Fromentin, and Viollet le Duc aforetime, and like Pater of our own day, held their divine place, not through their learning; wide as that was, but through their love. Art was to them that impersonal Lady Beauty, pursued with irretrievable passion, worshipped with invincible ardour, through the dawns and the sunsets of unnumbered days. They were not concerned with the breeding of sheep, but with the painting of them.

To be as were these masters in the art is, of course, beyond the hope of the ordinary critic, who is, with all his harmlessness, not quite such a fool as Mr. John Brett supposes. At the worst he has enough intelligence to prevent his seeking after truth within the precincts of that temple of self-complacent mediocrity in Piccadilly. His time is for the moment fully occupied in bracing his nerves for the yearly journey in search of the second-rate, which compels him to waste in Burlington House several of the beautiful May days. This

perfectly unaffected statement Mr. Brett will doubtless dismiss as "the crudest falsehood ever uttered by any press-writer," a sentence distinguished by an almost Dutch depth of underbreeding. So far, we confess, this artist-critic has impressed us with nothing but his amazing ignorance both of art and the English language. As for criticism of Mr. John Brett's painting, we set that newly-born critic an example of forbearance, confining ourselves to the hope that his pictures may be like those of his artist friend, which, he assures us, by reason of neglect and dirt and varnish, attained "a beautiful mellowness," and came to be, "not unreasonably admired and compared to the works of Velasquez."

INSECTS AND FLOWERS.

NO side of natural history is more curious than the relation between insects and the flowering plants. In the primitive and simpler plants that live in the sea the male cells are discharged into the water and row themselves along by the screwing motion of minute bristles until they reach and fertilize the egg-cells of the female. In many land-plants the male cells, discharged as clouds of golden pollen, are blown about by the wind; myriads perish, but a few reach their goal, and, fertilizing the young egg-cells, cause them to ripen into seeds. In many cases, however, Nature has curbed so reckless a prodigality, and the colours and scents of flowers are the fruits of her parsimony. It may be laid down as a universal truth, to which the exceptions are only apparent, that plants bearing brightly coloured or perfumed flowers require the aid of insects to fertilize them. The colours serve to attract the attention of insects; the scents, especially in flowers that blossom by night, serve the same purpose. The insects come for the store of honey, or for the pollen of the plants, and their return gift to the plants is that, flitting from blossom to blossom, they unconsciously carry the golden fertilizing grains from plant to plant.

For most flowering plants the visits of insects are necessity. Let one but grow some common plant-like geranium or mignonette under glass and muslin, so that no stray insect may reach them; the flowers will be formed, the perfume will be as sweet as usual, but the blossoms will fade without forming seeds. Many of our English flowers are capable of being fertilized only by one kind of insect. Thus, to choose a familiar instance, the common red clover is visited by the humble-bee; the petals are fused together, forming a narrow tube surrounding the honey-glands and the organs that form the pollen. The long proboscis of the humble-bee is able to reach the deeply hidden store; but the hive-bee, whose tongue is shorter, though bidden to the feast by attractive colour and smell, is perforce an inactive spectator. When clover was first grown in Australia it never seeded, and it was found that the tongues of the native bees were too short to reach the pollen. Still more often the gorgeous blossoms of the tropics remain sterile in England in the absence of the particular moth or fly to which they are adapted. Sometimes, as Darwin shows in his fascinating volume on "The Fertilization of Orchids," the devices to secure that an insect shall visit a flower without coming in contact with the pollen are extraordinarily complicated. An insect alights on a gaudy and sweet-smelling blossom. An inviting landing place is ready in the form of a conveniently placed floor-leaf; but the thing is a trick. No sooner is the platform touched than it gives way with a jerk, precipitating the hapless insect into a well of fluid. His wings are wetted and he has to crawl out slowly. But pointed bristles prevent exit except by a narrow funnel, and, as he squeezes through that, his back becomes dusted with the sticky pollen.

The relation between fig-trees and certain small wasps is perhaps less familiar. The fig is not a single flower but a whole collection of small flowers placed within an urn-shaped receptacle. The mouth of the urn is very small, and the whole of the inner surface is filled with flowers, which in the common fig are of three kinds. There are male flowers, producing pollen, near the mouth of the urn, and, lower down, long-necked female flowers and short-necked female flowers. Into these urns little female wasps creep in numbers, and deposit their eggs in the short-necked female flowers which are known

April, 1895.

as gall-flowers. In these the eggs rapidly develop, and the young wasps, when they are mature, bite their way into the cavity of the urn, and then creep out of the urn, on their way becoming smeared with the pollen from the male flowers. The female wasps at once proceed to younger fig-urns and creep into them to deposit their eggs. In doing this they rub the pollen over the long-necked female flowers, which they thus fertilize, while they can lay eggs only in the short-necked flowers. In most plants, however, the lures are simpler, and are adapted to many different kinds of insects. In spring, when the fields are bare, the blues and whites of the early flowers are sufficient to attract the notice of the few insects on the wing. During summer, when the world is covered with green, more glaring contrasts come into play, and the bold masses of orange and gold, of crimson and pink, appear. It is curious, however, that scarlet, the most clamant of colours, is the rarest in Europe. In the tropics and in South America it is one of the most common, and it were worth inquiring if European insects be colour-blind to scarlet. At night, when crimson and blue, pink and orange, become invisible, pale yellows and luminous whites attract the night-flying insect by their phosphorescent radiance. The scents of plants are almost more potent lures than their colours. At night they are naturally more varied and more potent. To drift in a backwater in a summer night, or to loiter in a wood, is to set one dreaming of the spices of the tropic isles. The scents of the day are shy and indistinct; only in the mass one notices them, as in passing through a bean-field, or by a thicket of gorse. But at night each blossom that is not asleep sends out a clamorous and insistent odour, and at the same moment one notices a dozen distinct and striking perfumes. But by day or by night the scents are not all such as are pleasant to us. Some indeed are not even within our consciousness. Thus the flowers of the Virginian creeper are almost invisible; they have green corollas and are hidden under the foliage. To us they have no scent, yet bees come to them from great distances, and during their season they are always crowded with visitors. Some of the scents most dear to us are despised by many insects. Butterflies will pass honeysuckle itself, or, indeed, any flowers with a honeysuckle scent, unnoticed. At night, however, large hawk-moths, by their attentions to honeysuckle, show that they share our ideas of what is pleasant. Butterflies and bees, like ourselves, are unattracted by the carrion-like smell of many plants, but these latter are visited by many beetles and flies, to which the perfumes of the rose and the violet are unattractive.

CARMENCITA.

IT is curiously significant of this nation and this age, an age of sham passion and ænæmic gesture, that the greatest of living dancers has come among us, and we have known her not. For several weeks past Carmencita has danced nightly before an audience that has made little pretence of appreciating her art and none of understanding it. But for the genius of an American painter it is unlikely that we should ever have heard her name before its appearance on the playbills of the Palace Theatre; nor is there any reason to suppose that if she had spent with us the five years which built her an enduring fame in America we should be any nearer the comprehension either of her beauty or her art. Both are, for many reasons, antagonistic to our national temper; and, as our æsthetic sensibilities are not sufficiently keen to enable us to admire that which is beyond our previous artistic experience, Carmencita has danced in vain to the solid phalanx of British indifference. The discredit of the failure lies, however, not with the dancer, but with us. From the fact that the ballet is better upholstered in London than anywhere excepting, perhaps, in Vienna, we are wont to arrogate to ourselves a love of "woven paces and waving hands," whereas we are just as insensible to the fascination of dancing as we are to the fascination of music or painting. As a matter of fact the average music-hall *habitué* only tolerates the ballet as an alternative to the crass vulgarity of the *lionne comique*, because it affords him an opportunity to study the contours of the female form, and he is thus much more interested in high kicking than in the poetry of

motion. Nevertheless, when Carmencita undulates across the stage with that exquisite ripple of her shoulders and hips, the emotional character of the movement confounds him, and nothing but the fear of being taken for a devil who is sick and consequently saintly prevents him from denouncing it as indecent. That peculiarly Germanic preference of the gross to the passionate is at the root of the instinctive antipathy to this glorious Andalusian woman, who is a creature of sheer passion with a power of translating it into motion—motion that has the restraint as well as the expressive quality which brings it into the province of great art. There is no suggestion in Carmencita's dancing of the licence which so shocked English spectators of the *danse des almées* at the Paris Exhibition. It is instinct with the radiant vitality, with the palpitating life, of the South, and is essentially the spontaneous interpretation of simple sensation. Carmencita's art has not a trace of the modern spirit in it, nothing of that *maladie du siècle* of which the serpentine dance was a supreme expression. It is as barren of *sous-entendu*, of complex feeling, as a melody of Verdi or a Swinburnian lyric, and as eloquent, for there is in it, besides its exultant optimism, a strain of the latent savagery of the Spaniard. Every motion of her sinuous arms, every curve of her opulent limbs, is a challenge to the love that ends in despair, to all those violent yet naïve emotions that are bred of the sun, of hair that is black and a mouth that is red. Such is Carmencita, and such are not we.

Truth to tell, the art, however strongly charged with passion, that contains no element of perversity, makes but a faint appeal to us at all times. We have more affinity with an Aubrey Beardsley drawing, a Keystone story, or the skirt-dancing of Miss Letty Lind. The accordion pleat, with the illusion it produces of the mystery of movement, attracts crowds of entranced spectators, who are only bored by Candida's pirouettes in a circlet of distended tulle, or Otera's stately steps and blazing jewels, or Carmencita's dance of life. There is, after all, a curious irony in the fact that the nation whose supremacy in athletics has never been denied should fail to discern the beauty or vitality in art. The explanation is probably to be found in the fact that the average Englishman, who is a conspicuous illustration of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, knows nothing about art and cares less. To him dancing is an exercise, not an art, a synthesis of posture which is the result of long training, and he would as soon think of extracting a symbolic idea from shooting or fishing as from a *pas seul*. The more it is confined to gymnastic feats performed with the legs alone, or with the adventitious aid of sticks and draperies, the more it appeals to the ordinary British playgoer, who gets, as a rule, just what he demands and no more. Carmencita, however, gives him something quite different, steps that are almost perfunctory, so subordinate is their importance to the whole scheme of the dance, and they do not suggest any difficulty of accomplishment. The movement has, in fact, its genesis in the shoulders and hips, passes over the whole body, and dies away at the extremities of the fingers and the feet. And from this universality of gesture one receives an impression of joy and of delight, for Carmencita dances as great writers write and as great painters paint—she dances because she must.

Yet, in spite of the indignation naturally aroused by the spectacle of unacknowledged genius, there is in the memory of Carmencita tossing her insolent head, with its wonderful *farouche* beauty, at those cold, phlegmatic rows of Englishmen, a certain æsthetic satisfaction. The soul of the artist is, after all, the lawful possession of the comprehending. So a man feels who buys a beautiful picture and hangs it where he alone can admire it, or who rejoices in the consciousness of having known and loved Carmencita's art. There is, moreover, a cynical content in the certainty that it will not be travestied in society drawing-rooms. Of all the audacities perpetrated by the maiden up-to-date, that of step-dancing is the least pardonable. As a short cut to notoriety it has perhaps been successful, but as a imitation of art it is the sincerest form of insult. No one is, however, sufficiently unsophisticated to imagine that the damsels of Mayfair spend so much of their time in parodying the stage-dancer out of devotion to the

art. All she desires is to possess the attraction for men which she believes the professional skirt-dancer possesses, and the artistic value of her performance does not concern her in the least. But as dancing which is not artistic is vulgar or ridiculous, or both, we find occasion for thankfulness that the very characteristics which have militated against Carmencita's popularity in this country will save it from the profanation of the amateur. The accordion-pleated young lady has not Carmencita's shoulders, and would not know what to do with them if she had. The *aplomb*, the glow and splendour of life which make this Spanish goddess of the dance what she is, removes her poles apart from the Saxon ideal with its strange blend of gross materialism and that spiritual anæmia which is a sort of phthisis of the soul. Both these qualities underlie the outrageous gymnastics and the languid rhythms of the skirt-dance, and therein lurks the secret of its popularity. The Spanish dances, on the other hand, still retain their original Oriental character, adulterated only to the extent of the difference between the temperament of Southern Europe and the temperament of the East. Since the Andalusians first learnt their measures from the Moors, the colour of the dance has only changed the shadow of a shade. It has become, perchance, less fatalistic, owing to its gradual divorce from religious sentiment, and more expressive of human love and joy. Indeed, of all the transpositions which the influence of civilization has accomplished, none is more remarkable than the diversion of dancing from the grave to the gay issues of life. In primitive days it was associated either with an access of religious fervour or the advent of war; to-day it is of all arts the most pagan and the least portentous. How pregnant it may be with sensuous emotion Carmencita has shown us—an emotion that is at once perfectly simple and perfectly sane, and the fact that the majority of Londoners have remained impervious to it is merely another proof of the completeness with which the conditions of modern life have divorced us from simplicity and sanity alike.

MUSICAL ANACHRONISMS.

UNLIKE the critic of an evening contemporary (for whom, however, we profess high respect), we wish to see musical "progress" in England. To be sure, we no more desire every one to be musically expert than, say, Mr. Stoddart desires every one to play cricket; but in each case it is important, surely, that there be sufficient people of our way of thinking to make the game possible. That is what we want; that is what we thought we were getting. We have talked of the wonderful improvement in public taste worked by a long course of Richter, and said we only needed a few conductors of our own to lead us into the promised land; we have spoken of Rossini and tight-rope singing as if they had gone out in the Wagnerian blast like a candle in a cyclone. But on 30 March, Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted at the Crystal Palace as he used to conduct ten years ago, and the public which applauds Richter and Mottl applauded him too, showing no fervent longing after the land of Canaan; and when on Wednesday evening Madame Patti gave us Rossini in the old tight-rope style, the public, or at least one noisy section of the public, seemed better pleased than when Madame Calve, or Mr. Bispham, who are true artists, sing to them. We feel as a scientist may be conceived to feel when he pulls out a fish belonging to a species supposed to be extinct these two thousand years. In the first stunning shock of surprise the scientist may wonder whether this is the year of grace 1895, and his catch a "survival," or whether the catch is contemporary, this the year something B.C., and the whole of modern history a fantastic fiction of his own dreaming. Similarly puzzled, we ask if our progress is all an illusion, if the clock, for all its ticking, has gone forward not one minute in the last ten years? Or dare we, though with fear and trembling, accept the alternative proposition, and regard "our leading composer" and "the world-famous diva" as "survivals," notable anachronisms tolerated on account of their reputations?

We will confess that Sir Arthur Sullivan had nearly entirely his own way with us. Conducting like his cannot be followed with the critical enthusiasm one gives to Mottl or Richter: one must admire without reserva-

tion or die of disgust. In the beginning we fought against him, and those first fifteen minutes formed a drastic experience; then we realized the situation and gave in. The marvellously regular beat which mainly constitutes what may be called the Kneller Hall style of conducting fascinated, hypnotized us; and when we eventually surrendered it was with a peaceful feeling that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. All thought of modern German conducting melted away like the remembrance of a hideous nightmare. We had believed Mendelssohn's "Melusina" overture to be fresh, vivacious, and touched with a glittering magical beauty; that Beethoven's violin concerto possessed certain qualities of passion, majesty, and mystery; that Schumann's D minor symphony, though a trifle inconsequent and flabby, was not inexpressive, nor, indeed, without some patches of rare delicacy. But in Sir Arthur's hands Mendelssohn became a sentimental chorister singing a colourless psalm-tune; in Beethoven he showed us a true writer for the circus; he proved beyond dispute that Schumann was a clumsy bore. After this object lesson Miss Agnes Janson had the questionable taste to sing a song from "Samson et Dalila" with perfect expression, rich vocal tone, and finished phrasing; and Sir Arthur's procedure served at once as a scathing rebuke to her and an agreeable compensation to the audience. He followed her with deadly accuracy, just an eighth of a beat behind—this being what is commonly called good accompanying—and produced some charming effects of syncopation, which added an interest to the music never dreamed of by Saint Saens, and also prevented Miss Janson going so far astray as she wished. Joachim and Miss Shinner emulated Miss Janson in Bach's concerto for two violins and orchestra, and at times, indeed, fairly swept the conductor off his feet; but we have no doubt he won back his lost dignity in his own "Macbeth" overture. Some of Monday's papers declared that this went very well, and we are a little curious to know how those critics who, like ourselves, ran away before it was played, ascertained the fact. Perhaps they, too, subjugated by the Kneller Hall magnetism, assumed that nothing could go wrong in the best of possible worlds. While it held us in thrall we would have allowed that Sir Arthur Sullivan is a great musician, that Mr. Arthur Roberts should be elected to the Speakership, or Mr. Penley promoted with advantage to an archbishopric, and assented to any other extravagantly imbecile proposition. Those may scoff who have never come under the influence of the colossal dullness of Kneller Hall conducting.

The mood wrought by Sir Arthur Sullivan was broken by the Patti concert given by the Philharmonic Society. One lapsed into mere uncritical acceptance of everything done by Sir Arthur, but Patti roused resistance by asking too much. First, however, let us say that, apart from Patti, this concert was as tiresome as the previous ones have been enjoyable. The Schubert overture, which the directors intended to give for "the first time at these concerts," had evidently proved too severe a strain on Philharmonic resources; and the "Leonora" overture No. 3 was given instead, with all the rickety scrappiness of this Society at its worst. The trumpet-call, played behind the curtain on the left side of the platform, was made comic to those in the neighbourhood by the player's smothered comment after the second blast. The climaxes came off sluggishly or not at all; here and there one or other of the band bungled a passage; there was no freedom or swing in the rhythm; the pianissimos were mumbled and the fortes harsh and wiry. In a word, the whole thing went awry, as will sometimes happen with the best of bands and the best of conductors. We hoped for better things in the Schumann concerto, but Miss Eibenschuetz played with such callous indifference to its delicacy and tender personal feeling that it, too, became an exasperation. Miss Eibenschuetz is too robust by (say) nine-tenths. Sir A. C. Mackenzie's new pieces turned out to be eminently incoherent. They are announced as "from the North," though we had an impression—doubtless erroneous—that the Principal's room lay in the south part of the R.A.M. building. The disjointed character of the pieces, not to say their academic flavour, hints at their being written there in the intervals of business. Madame Patti came on smiling with immitigable sweet-

THE LIVING PICTURES.

I HAVE been to see the "Living Pictures" at the Palace Theatre. The moment Lady Henry Somerset called public attention to the fact that they were obnoxious to the National Vigilance Association, I resolved to try whether they would offend me. But this, like many other good resolutions of mine, remained unfulfilled until I was reminded of it by the address recently delivered by Mr. William Alexander Coote, the secretary of the Association, to the Church and Stage Guild, as reported verbatim in that excellent little paper the *Church Reformer*. In this address, Mr. Coote said that he considered the "Living Pictures" "the ideal form of indecency." I at first supposed this to mean an ideally desirable form of indecency; but later on I found Mr. Coote denouncing the pictures as "shameful productions, deserving the condemnation of all right-thinking people." That cured my procrastination, and incidentally brought five shillings into the till of the Palace Theatre. For I hurried off to see the Living Pictures at once, not because I wanted to wallow in indecency—no man in his senses would go to a public theatre with that object even in the most abandoned condition of public taste, privacy being a necessary condition of thorough-going indecency—but because, as a critic, I at once perceived that Mr. Coote had placed before the public an issue of considerable moment: namely, whether Mr. Coote's opinion is worth anything or not. For Mr. Coote is a person of real importance, active, useful, convinced, thoroughly respectable, able to point to achievements which we must all admit honourable to him, and backed by an Association strong enough to enable him to bring his convictions to bear effectively on our licensing authorities. But all this is quite compatible with Mr. Coote being in artistic matters a most intensely stupid man, and on sexual questions something of a monomaniac.

I sat out the entire list of sixteen "Living Pictures." Half a dozen represented naiads, mountain sprites, peris, and Lady Godiva, all practically undraped, and all, except perhaps Lady Godiva, who was posed after a well-known picture by Van Lerius (who should have read Landor's imaginary conversation between Lady Godiva and her husband), very pretty. I need hardly say that the ladies who impersonated the figures in these pictures were not actually braving our climate without any protection. It was only too obvious to a practised art critic's eye that what was presented as flesh was really spun silk. But the illusion produced on the ordinary music-hall frequenter was that of the undraped human figure, exquisitely clean, graceful, and, in striking contrast to many of the completely draped and elaborately dressed ladies who were looking at them, perfectly modest. Many of the younger and poorer girls in the audience must have gone away with a greater respect for their own persons, a greater regard for the virtues of the bath, and a quickened sense of the repulsiveness of that personal slovenliness and gluttony which are the real indecencies of popular life, in addition to the valuable recreation of an escape for a moment into the enchanted land to which naiads and peris belong. In short, the living pictures are not only works of art: they are excellent practical sermons; and I urge every father of a family who cannot afford to send his daughters the round of the picture galleries in the Haymarket and Bond Street, to take them all (with their brothers) to the Palace Theatre.

This is how they struck me. Now let Mr. Coote explain how they struck him.

"What cant to talk about 'Art' in connection with these living picture exhibitions! They are so obviously 'living.' Human nature is so very much in evidence. The nude as represented by the true artist on canvas never has the slightest tendency to demoralize. The artist's soul so consciously pervades the work that the beauty of form and pose hides that which would mar or vulgarize the picture. The subject is spiritualized, and becomes an inspiration for good and lovely thoughts. It is very different with the 'living picture.' There is no art in it. Paradoxical as it may seem, there is no life in the living picture: it is even posed as a lifeless mass. There is a marked difference between the canvas or marble and the living picture, much to the disadvantage of the latter."

ness. She sang, as only she sings, Rossini's foolish "Una voce"; and when the audience demanded an encore, and the orchestra, by some strange coincidence, found themselves provided with the parts of "Voi che sapete," she sang that too—not at all badly, subjecting Mozart to fewer indignities than we dreaded, and showing conclusively that, although she was in her prime a quarter of a century ago, she might yet become an artist were she less hopelessly a prima donna. After the singing was over and Madame Patti had received some flowers with due astonishment, it was the turn of the audience to be astonished. We should say that these concerts apparently require a good deal of directing, and in consequence the directors are rarely off the platform steps. When they are not visible they are annoying the audience by discussing their private concerns all too audibly behind that curtain. From the obvious excitement we gathered that something would presently come to pass; and it did, outstripping our wildest imaginings. Mr. Cummings led on Madame Patti once more, and after delivering an oration (constructed, we assume, from Society paper cuttings) in praise of her "services to music," he presented her with a gold medal in reward of those services. Madame Patti, we understand, wept, and well she might. We had difficulty in restraining our own tears, so excruciatingly pathetic, so painfully ludicrous was the scene. When Mr. Cummings began a list of the "services to music" by telling how Madame Patti sang at an early age in "La Sonnambula," we marvelled at the unnecessary bitterness of his irony; but it quickly became apparent that he, if no one else in the hall, was serious. Yet, again, when he sagely remarked that the Philharmonic existed to encourage merit, and proceeded to decorate Madame Patti with that medal as a judge at an agricultural show might tie a blue ribbon to the tail of a cart-horse, it was hard to imagine how any one—even Mr. Cummings—could refrain from entering into the extravagant fun of the farce. The Philharmonic Society, we said a few weeks since, has done many odd things in its time. Now we must add that it has crowned its achievements.

Would the public have tolerated, without hooting and laughter, this farce, this screamingly funny farce, had any other than Patti been the central figure? They would not; and the fact that they would not encourages us to believe that they tolerate Rossini and tight-rope singing, too, only on account of Patti. Let a young Academy girl mount the Philharmonic platform and sing that Rossini air, even better than Patti sang it, and, the daily press would condemn her as vigorously as it praises Patti, thereby clearly confessing that Patti is hopelessly out of date, and only tolerated, or, if you like, admired, because of the glamour (as Mr. Le Gallienne would say) of her past, her reputation, social position, and enormous income. The period to which she rightly belongs ended not a month later than 1860. She was brought up in the days and by the school that knew nothing of the artistic conscience, and you might talk to her a year about it without her understanding in the least what you meant. Artistically, she is in a state of innocence, and does not know good from evil. And may we not say that Sir Arthur Sullivan, the serious man, matches her admirably? Half a century ago he would have been a most excellent and obliging conductor, ready to prove to you at a moment's notice that the prima donna always had been and always would be the *raison d'être* of opera. The world with its Wagner and Berlioz has left him far behind. He is accepted partly because, like Patti, he has reputation, social position, and a "princely income" (ever an important consideration with independent, unbiassed critics); partly because nature grafted the clown on to the dull pedant, and the clown is deservedly popular. But we put these things more as suggestions than as dogmatic assertions. We wait, not without anxiety, to see whether our reading of events is justified by the public rushing as hitherto to hear genuine artists—Mottl, Richter, Bispham, and Calvé. We would fain believe that the clock does not tick in vain, that some day, hour and minute hand will point to high noon.

When the Bach Choir sang the "Matthew Passion" last year, serious criticism was met by Professor Stanford with the contention that the serious critics had written hastily. To avoid that condemnation we withhold our notice of the Bach Festival until next week.

In discussing the above utterance, I do not want to take an unfair advantage of the fact that in writing about art I am a trained expert, and Mr. Coote a novice. Mr. Coote's object in undertaking a task so far beyond my powers as an explanation of the operation of the artist's soul is clearly to persuade us that he sees a distinction between an art that is false and an art that is true, and that it is his passionate devotion to the former that makes him so wroth with the latter. Let us see.

First, Mr. Coote tells us that there is no art in the Palace pictures. Well, I can quite believe that Mr. Coote conceives that the posing and lighting of the figures so as to throw the figure into the required light and shadow is pure accident. Let me therefore make a suggestion. Let Mr. Morton, the manager of the Palace, request Mr. Dando, the arranger of the pictures, to stand aside and entrust his functions for one night (on which a stall may be reserved for me at any price the management chooses to exact) to Mr. William Alexander Coote. Let the entire resources of the establishment be placed absolutely under his direction; and let us then see whether he can take advantage of their being "no art in it" to produce a single tableau that will not be ludicrously and outrageously deficient in the artistic qualities without which Mr. Dando's compositions would be hooted off the stage.

Now as to Mr. Coote's assertion that the artist's soul spiritualizes his subject, and finds in it an inspiration for good and lovely thoughts. I can assure Mr. Coote that he never made a greater mistake in his life. There are artists, and very able artists too, whose souls exactly resemble those of some members of the National Vigilance Association in debauching every subject, and finding in it an inspiration for obscene and unlovely thoughts. If Mr. Coote, in the course of his next holiday, will travel from Padua to Mantua, and compare Giotto's pictorial decoration of the arena chapel with Giulio Romano's decoration of the Palazzo Té, he will learn that the artist's soul can commune with the satyrs as well as with the saints. He need go no further than our own National Gallery to see the work of great artists who, like Paul Veronese, or Rubens, materialize all their subjects and appeal to our love of physical splendour and vitality, exhibited under the same roof with those of the pre-Raphaelites (the real ones), whose works of art were also works of devotion. What is more, he will find the same artist expressing his devotional mood in one picture and his voluptuous mood in another; and if he will go as far as Venice—and the journey will be well worth his while—he can see there, in Titian's Virgin of the Assumption, a union of the flesh and the spirit so triumphantly beautiful, that he will return abashed to the Church and Stage Guild, and apologize to them very humbly for having mixed up his account of his Vigilance stewardship with a sham lecture on a subject of which he does not know enough to be even conscious of his own ignorance.

Let me now help Mr. Coote out of his difficulty. He admits by implication that works of art are above the law, and should be tolerated at all hazards. He then attempts to show that the works he objects to are not "true art," and that therefore his hostility to them does not imply any hostility to Phidias and Raphael and the Royal Academy and so on. No person who really understands Art would make any such admission. A work of art is no more above the law than anything else. An old bridge may be a beautiful work of mediæval art; but if it obstructs navigation, causes the river to silt up, or becomes insufficient for the traffic, it must come down. A palace may be a gem of the builder's art; but if its site is imperatively required for a better lighted and drained modern building, however ugly, or for a new thoroughfare, down it must come too. And if the living pictures, or M. Jules Garnier's illustrations to Rabelais, can be proved to be doing more harm than good, then Mr. Coote is quite right to demand their suppression, works of art or no works of art. Mr. Coote is quite entitled to carry out all his aims, to forbid the circulation of cheap unexpurgated Shakespeares; to make it a punishable offence for an artist to paint from a nude model; and to send the manager of the Palace Theatre to prison, if he can convince us that it is for the public interest that these things should be done. No plea

as to the sacredness of art could in that case be admitted for a moment. If Mr. Coote feels modest about claiming so much, let him consult the gentleman whom he describes as "that strange, peculiar, yet splendid man, Mr. Stead." Mr. Stead will, I think, as a matter of common sense, at once assure him that I am right.

Having now got rid of the Art question, and pulled Mr. Coote out of that morass on to solid ground, I am almost tempted to begin by exhorting him to go to his Bible, and ponder the saying, "He which is filthy, let him be filthy still." But no public man in these islands ever believes that the Bible means what it says: he is always convinced that it says what he means; and I have no reason to hope that Mr. Coote may be an exception to the rule. What, then, does Mr. Coote found himself on? Apparently on this position, which I state in his own words: "Nothing in the management of our public entertainments can justify the exhibition of nude and semi-nude women as a means of amusement for a mixed audience." But why not, if the audience thinks the woman prettier and no less decent in that state than when fully draped, and she agrees with them; or if nudity or semi-nudity is appropriate to the character she is impersonating; or if she is performing athletic feats which skirts would hinder? Here is an instance which fulfils all three conditions. When Sir Augustus Harris first introduced at Covent Garden the *Walpurgis* ballet, which is one of the features of Gounod's "Faust" as performed at the Paris Grand Opéra, the dancer who impersonated Phryne dispensed with skirts altogether, and danced to the one exquisite tune that the ballet contains, in a costume which produced the illusion of nudity (I presume Mr. Coote knows that it is only an illusion). She wore certain decorative ribbons, but no dress. She looked very graceful and quite modest; nobody in that huge theatre, which was crowded from floor to ceiling, objected in the least; it did not occur to us for a moment to complain of the absence of the ballet skirts and petticoats which make a woman look like an ostrich or a teetotum.

I will not pretend to misunderstand Mr. Coote's objection to this. There are in the world a certain number of persons who, owing to morbid irritability in certain directions, are greatly incommoded by circumstances which are indifferent, or even agreeable, to the normal man. For instance, London is rather an ill-smelling place; and people with exceptionally acute noses suffer agonies on stagnant days when ordinary people notice nothing. Carlyle, even in the comparative quietude of Chelsea, had to take special measures to keep the noises of the streets from his irritable ears; people with tender eyes have to resort to blue spectacles; humane people are made miserable by the treatment of our beasts of burden; and we find people oppressed by a special susceptibility to the dread inspired by hydrophobia, cholera, the Jesuits, the possibility of being damned, and many other contingencies which only occur to normal persons when they are out of health. On the other hand, we find people who are deficient in certain faculties—blind people, deaf people, colour-blind people, people with no musical faculty, callous people, unsocial people, and so on. And we also find people in whom a deficiency in one respect is associated with an excess of sensitiveness in others. Now, it is quite impossible to legislate and administer with a view to the comfort of these abnormal people, even though there may, in so large a population as ours, be enough of any one variety of them to form an Association and make a vigorous agitation. For instance, the Church will not modify the rite of communion because certain deplorable cases are on record in which the taste of the sacramental wine has brought on a ruinous attack of drink craze in the communicant. We do not suppress public meetings and abolish the right of free speech because people who are peculiarly susceptible to political excitement and the stimulus of platform oratory are led to behave foolishly and misuse their votes on such occasions. We do not prohibit "revivalist" prayer meetings because of the mischievously hysterical condition into which weak people are thrown by them, a condition which the ignorant preacher glories in producing. We shall not stop the performances of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith" because it has produced a case of suicide. In

MONEY MATTERS.

AS we anticipated last week, the temporary pressure in the Money Market has subsided, and the rate of discount is now barely 1 per cent even for six months' paper, while an attempt made early in the week by some of the leading banks to hold out for that rate on loans for shorter periods had to be abandoned. The disbursement of the dividends on Consols will, of course, tend to make money still more abundant, and the store of gold at the Bank of England continues to accumulate. There is still no indication of any outlet for capital sufficient to affect materially this state of affairs, and it seems probable that money will remain cheap for some time longer.

In correspondence with the low rate of interest in the Money Market, the best securities remain at their exceptional prices, and there is no reason to anticipate any immediate fall. In the Foreign Market the tendency has on the whole been favourable, although the rise in prices early in the week has been to some degree counteracted by Continental sales. The armistice between China and Japan naturally had a beneficial effect on the Chinese issues, while, on the other hand, there has been a heavy fall in Spanish stock in consequence of the bad news from Cuba.

There has been very little business done in Home Railway stocks, and the fluctuations of prices have been unimportant. The traffic returns, however, were somewhat better than had been expected, especially those of the Great Northern and Sheffield Companies. We are inclined to think that investors who are not anxious to obtain an immediate return for their money might do worse than purchase Great Northern Deferred stock, which seems absurdly cheap at its present price. For the first twelve weeks of this year the receipts of the twelve principal lines have decreased by £808,174 as compared with the corresponding period of last year, a fall of upwards of 6 per cent. The actual decrease is about equally divided between passenger traffic and goods traffic, but the percentage of decrease on the passenger traffic is fully 8 per cent. One obvious explanation is Easter does not fall in the first quarter this year, and the long spell of severe weather no doubt played havoc with the prospects of the southern lines. As regards the goods traffic, too, which shows a decrease of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for the twelve weeks, it has to be borne in mind that the receipts in the beginning of 1894 were enhanced by the exceptionally heavy consignments of coal and manufactures which succeeded the termination of the coal strike. But, after making full allowance for these considerations, there can be no question that the result of this year's working is rather unsatisfactory, especially as there seems no reason to anticipate that the lost ground will be recovered later on; and, when it is remembered that these companies have to distribute some £150,000 more in the shape of interest on increased capital, we fear that the prospects of good dividends for the current half-year are anything but bright.

There has been a considerable amount of dealing in the American Railway market, to which some fortunate speculators in South African mines appear to have transferred their affections. Consequently prices generally have advanced, Erie Preference shares being in especial request, which was justified on Wednesday by a favourable traffic return. Canadian Railways have also been the object of heavy speculation, and the fluctuation in Canadian Pacific stock have been sufficiently violent to gratify the most ardent gambler. The prices of Grand Trunk shares have risen, partly in sympathy with the better tone of the market, and partly, no doubt, owing to the proposal to elect Sir Charles Rivers Wilson as chairman of the Company.

The South African Market begins to exhibit some signs of recovery from the fever of the past few weeks. There are fewer orders from Paris, and speculators seem, for the moment at any rate, more intent on realizing their profits than on incurring fresh risks. We note that buying orders are being received from Con-

short, we shall not lead the life of invalids for the sake of a handful of unfortunate people to whom such a life is the only safe one.

The application of all this to Mr. Coote's position is obvious. We have among us a certain number of people who are morbidly sensitive to sexual impressions, and quite insensible to artistic ones. We have certain sects in which such a condition is artificially induced as a matter of religious duty. Children have their affections repressed, and their susceptibility to emotional excitement nursed on sin, wrath, terror, and vengeance, whilst they are forbidden to go to the theatre or to amuse themselves with stories or "profane" pictures. Naturally, when such people grow up, life becomes to them a prolonged temptation of St. Anthony. You try to please them by a picture which appeals to their delight in graceful form and bright warm colour, to their share in the romance which peoples the woods and streams with sylphs and water maidens, to the innocent and highly recreative love of personal beauty, which is one of the great advantages of having a sex at all. To your horror and discomposure, you are met by a shriek of "Nude woman: nude woman: police!" The one thing that the normal spectator overlooks in the picture is the one thing that St. Anthony sees in it. Let me again put his protest in Mr. Coote's own words: "Nothing can justify the exhibition of nude and semi-nude women as a means of amusement for a mixed audience. They are shameful productions, and deserve the condemnation of all right-thinking people. The manager deserves, and should have, the immediate attention of the County Council." You remonstrate, perhaps, from the point of view of the artist. Mr. Coote at once pleads: "They are so very obviously living. Human nature is so very much in evidence." And there you have the whole of Mr. Coote's pessimistic, misanthropic philosophy in two sentences. Human nature and the human body are to him nasty things. Sex is a scourge. Woman is a walking temptation which should be covered up as much as possible. Well, let us be charitable to Mr. Coote's infirmity, and ask him, as kindly as may be, what good covering women up will do. Carmencita is covered up; our skirt dancers are all petticoats; each of our serpentine dancers carries drapery enough to make skirts for a whole dozen schoolgirls. And yet they appeal far more to the sex instinct and far less to the artistic instinct than the Naiads and Phryne. There is only one solution of the difficulty; and that is for Mr. Coote and those that sympathize with him to keep away from the Palace Theatre. Of course that will not protect them altogether. Every low-necked dress, every gust of wind that catches a skirt and reveals an ankle, perhaps every child in whom "human nature is in evidence" to the extent of a pair of sturdy little legs, may be a torment to the victims of this most pitiable of all obsessions. A quarrel with human nature admits of no fundamental remedy except the knife; and I should be sorry to see the members of the Vigilance Association cutting their own throats; they are useful and even necessary in keeping order among the people who suffer from morbid attractions instead of morbid repulsions. For it must not be forgotten that Mr. Coote's error does not lie in his claim that the community shall suppress indecent exhibitions, but in his attempt to make nudity or semi-nudity the criterion of indecency. Perhaps I should qualify this statement of his position by limiting nudity to the female sex; for I notice that the semi-nudity which is quite a common spectacle in the case of male athletes is not complained of, though, if there were anything in the Vigilance Association's view of such exhibitions as demoralizing, our women ought by this time to be much more demoralized than our men.

G. B. S.

P.S.—May I add a word of apology for a misprint in my last article. I meant to describe the passion of Rebecca West in "Rosmersholm" as the cold passion of the North. I was made to say that it was *not* the cold passion of the North. No doubt the fault was my own; at all events, no harm was done beyond turning half a column of my article into a bewildering contradiction.

stantinople and Cairo, and confess to a certain amused curiosity as to who are the purchasers. There is something characteristically Oriental in this late appearance on the scene.

The price of silver has continued to improve, and is now well over 2s. 6d. an ounce. In the course of the last three weeks alone the rise has amounted to 2½d. an ounce. No doubt the expectation of a large silver loan on the termination of the war in the East has had much to say to this remarkable appreciation, but we are disposed to think also that the market price had fallen unduly low in the absence of any demand, and that it must, sooner or later, have become apparent that that price did not fairly represent the relation between the production of the metal and the world's requirements.

The friends of France will not derive much comfort from the new Budget. Out of a total estimated expenditure of 3,345,000,000 fr. (£133,800,000) no less than 1,865,000,000 fr. (£74,600,000) is required to pay the interest of the national debt; and, after providing 910,000,000 fr. (£36,400,000) for the army and navy, there remains only 570,000,000 fr. (£22,800,000) for all other purposes. In other words, nearly five-sixths of the revenue is devoted to paying for past wars or preparing for fresh ones. The estimated deficiency is some £1,480,000, and the question is how this sum is to be found. The suggestion of M. Loubet that the country should economize by abandoning some of her most costly colonial possessions may be dismissed at once: there is no Minister in France strong enough to face the unpopularity that would surely follow such a blow to the national vanity. On the other hand, the report of Sir Joseph Crow shows pretty clearly that there is little, if anything, to be done in the way of additional taxation. The agricultural interest already groans under its burdens, thousands of acres have gone out of cultivation, and there has been for many years a continuous diminution of exports. Bitter complaints are made of the heavy octroi duties levied at the barriers of most towns, and it has even been suggested that an income-tax should be substituted for the land-tax. As to this, Sir Joseph observes that "very probably more than half of the 14,000,000 owners of land in France would pay no income-tax at all, as they would enjoy exemptions necessarily granted to proprietors of small holdings." There really seems no way out of the difficulty but the easiest way of all—that is to say, more borrowing. And we have little doubt that that will be the way selected. But the best of credit, if it be too largely drawn upon, must at length come to an end. Sooner or later, we think, France will be compelled to choose between financial disaster and the abandonment of her present adventurous military and colonial policy.

The *Westminster Gazette* has recently done good service by printing a list of those Members of Parliament who are directors of two or more public companies. It divides this list into three classes: the worst class ending with those who are now directors of six or more companies. We reproduce the worst of the "Black List," for we agree with our contemporary in so far at least as the chief sinners are concerned, and we can only deplore the fact that among these nineteen we find those of fourteen Unionists. Is it possible for any man to give more than his name to every one of sixteen companies, or even six? Such men are called directors because they do no directing.

THE BLACK LIST.

	1894.	1892.
Mr. J. W. Maclure (C), Lancashire (Stretford)	16	17
Sir J. Pender (U), Wick	16	12
Mr. H. Kimber (C), Wandsworth	13	15
Mr. H. C. Bonsor (C), Wimbledon	8	5
Sir H. S. King (C), Central Hull	8	9
Mr. Biddulph Martin (U), Worcestershire	7	9
Mr. Theodore Fry (L), Darlington	6	9
Sir F. H. Evans (L), Southampton	7	8
Mr. E. B. Hoare (C), Hampstead	6	7
Sir J. Fergusson (C), Manchester	6	7
Sir J. Lubbock (U), London University	7	6
Sir E. Watkin (U), Hythe	6	6

	1894.	1892.
Mr. St. J. Brodrick (C), Guildford	6	5
Mr. H. F. Pease (L), Cleveland	7	5
Mr. G. W. Balfour (C), Central Leeds	7	0
Sir J. Leigh (L), Stockport	7	0
Mr. Maguire (P), West Clare	6	0
Mr. Seton-Karr (C), St. Helens	5	12
Mr. H. S. Foster (C), Lowestoft	5	11

NEW ISSUES, &c.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE CORPORATION REDEEMABLE STOCK.

The Corporation invite tenders for an issue of £176,720. Two and Three Quarters per Cent Stock to be issued at 98, and to be redeemable at par in 1936, or, at the option of the Corporation, at any time after the 1st of July, 1915, on giving six months' notice. Although the debt of the city already exceeds £1,200,000, the security is, no doubt, sound enough; and, if the Corporation must add to their liabilities, they are probably wise in taking advantage of the present cheapness of money to issue the new stock. But it does not follow that the public will be equally wise in availing themselves of the Corporation's invitation. Not so long ago, Consols, yielding the same rate of interest, could be had at the same price as the Corporation Stock is offered, and it only needs a revival of trade to relieve the present congestion of the money market, and to bring first-class securities to normal prices. At the same time it seems to us little short of deplorable that while our National debt is being steadily reduced, there seems no holding in the recklessness with which municipal bodies are continually adding to their obligations.

THE SHROPSHIRE RAILWAYS COMPANY.

We are glad to see that the Capital and Counties Bank, in conformity with the suggestion made in these columns last week, have not only disclaimed all knowledge of the fact that the so-called auditor of the Shropshire Railways Company was in reality a receiver, but have requested the Company before allotment to send to each applicant for the proposed new issue of debenture stock a letter stating the facts, in order that any one desiring to withdraw his deposit may do so. In view of all that has transpired, there can scarcely be much doubt which course the applicants will select, and we do not expect to hear much more of the Shropshire Railways Company.

THE GOLDEN PLUM CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

This Company has been formed, with a capital of £120,000 in £1 shares, for the amalgamation of the Golden Plum, the Missing Link, and the St. Leonard's Mines, on the Black Flag Road, about seventeen miles from Coolgardie. The vendor is the Ramage Syndicate, Limited, and £95,000 is surely a moderate price to ask for the properties, seeing that Mr. Ramage, mining engineer, says he has seen nothing like them in all his travels. The main reef actually "stands up from three to twelve feet above the surface of the ground," and "is traced for a distance of over two miles, with good gold wherever opened," while the "stone has been assayed up to 89 oz. per ton." Indeed, the prospects are so brilliant, and so rapidly improving, that Mr. Ramage, unable to contain himself longer, felt impelled to cable home, "I consider it a most valuable property." In view of the previous assurance we have quoted, this seemed to us but feeble praise; but the climax of our disappointment was reached when we read that "for the present one battery would serve for all the properties." However much our readers may be tempted to employ their sovereigns in the search for the "Missing Link," we should recommend such of them as have weak digestions to avoid in this instance the historic example of Jack Horner.

A NEW INCANDESCENT GAS LIGHT SYSTEM.

We understand that a new system of incandescent gas lighting will shortly be brought before the English public by a Company having offices at 34 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. This system of lighting, we are informed, has already proved an enormous success in Paris, and the shares in the French Company which owns

the patents for France are not obtainable at a reasonable premium. The de Mare system of incandescent gas lighting consists of a Bunsen burner of special construction surmounted by an ordinary tip. The light is a pure incandescent light, and the combustion is so perfect that when the system is used in rooms the products of combustion do not vitiate the atmosphere nor injure decorations. The de Mare burners can easily be affixed to ordinary gas-fittings, and the fringe can be replaced by the user without the necessity of employing a gas-fitter. A great advantage is that in the de Mare system neither chimney nor globe are required. The saving in gas effected by using the de Mare system will quickly cover its first cost; it is said to possess all the advantages of the incandescent electric light at about one-eighth its cost.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLASSIC GREEK ART.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

2 April, 1895.

SIR,—In your issue of last week you speak of the Lion of Chæroneia as "conventional in treatment," and "not so realistic or impressive" as Thorwaldsen's Lion at Lucerne. It seems to me you might have gone further and compared this work of Greek art to the gingerbread lions of our childhood, or to the lions of the cheaper German Noah's Arks. But if you wish to see a really wonderful artistic presentment of the King of Beasts, you will look at the Assyrian bas-reliefs of hunting scenes in the British Museum. The unknown Assyrian artist tried to see the animal as it is and to depict it faithfully. To get better work you must come down to modern art, and to the inimitable bronzes of Barye. There is a plaster cast of the Lion of Chæroneia in the British Museum; any one can see it there and decide whether I am wrong in preferring the Assyrian work, produced B.C. 800, to what you call, correctly enough, "a fine example of almost classic Greek art."—Yours, &c.

AN ARTIST.

"IRELAND FOR THE IRISH."

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, 3 April, 1895.

SIR,—In view of the imminence of Home Rule, the officials of Dublin Castle are, we learn, engaged in drafting a Bill, to be entitled "An Act for the remodelling of legal processes in Ireland in such a way as to bring the law into harmony with the feelings and beliefs of the vast majority of the Irish Nation." They add clauses from time to time, as the workings of the great heart of the noblest peasantry in the world are from time to time disclosed by social incidents throwing a light upon their picturesque feelings and beliefs. In view of recent occurrences in Tipperary, the following clause has, we are informed, been recently added: "Be it enacted, &c. &c., as follows:

I. Any person who

Has reason to suspect, or suspects, that any member of his family is the victim of demoniac possession, or, in other words, is not himself or herself but a fairy, shall be empowered to put to death, by such slow tortures as shall seem fit to him, such person possessed, or supposed or alleged to be possessed, by demons, fairies, or any such beings.

II. Any person who

- (1) Shall oppose or resist such action on the part of the person thus putting to death a member of his family; or
- (2) Shall comfort or abet said member of family, so possessed, or believed or alleged to be possessed; or
- (3) Shall appeal to a medical practitioner for information concerning the condition of said person so possessed, or believed or alleged to be possessed:

Shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and, whether convicted thereof or not by the Court, shall be liable, at the discretion of the persons regularly resorting to the principal public-houses of the

nearest town or village, to be imprisoned for any term, with or without hard labour."

It is considered convenient that the Bill should be in a condition to pass into law at once on the establishment of the Irish Parliament.—Yours faithfully,

R. Y. TYRRELL.

UNCONSCIOUS SNOBBISHNESS.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

31 March, 1895.

SIR,—In the *Times* of last Saturday there appeared an anonymous letter which, I think, requires to be noticed. The writer, who signs himself "Miles," says that "in a mews connecting York Street and Crawford Street, in postal district W., there is a small public-house known as the 'Durweston Arms.' Over the window of this public-house, as a signboard, is painted in large letters the name of the publican:

F. HITCH, V.C."

After telling us how Private Hitch won his V.C. at Rorke's Drift, "Miles" asks: "Have any of your readers ever met with a case in which this coveted and most honourable distinction has been used for purposes of trade or business?"

It is evident from this question that "Miles" thinks the "purposes of trade or business" are irreconcilably opposed to a "most honourable distinction." One must, therefore, believe that "Miles" sets forth Mr. Hitch's address so precise in order to do him damage. What a pity it is that "Miles" does not sign himself boldly and correctly—"Snob," instead of trying to disgrace the manly name of "soldier."—Yours, &c.,

A TRADESMAN.

THE ACTOR'S AMBITION.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

2 April, 1895.

SIR,—The bee of a desire for "official recognition" has got into Mr. Irving's bonnet, and seems determined to make its presence known as often as possible. In the course of an excellent and encouraging address to the Actors' Association, he suddenly began to buzz in this way: "I would earnestly hope that we may in the future get some even more extended charter which will add honour and dignity to the followers of our art, and bring them officially in the eyes of the general public abreast of the sister arts, all of which are now fixed upon a chartered and incorporated basis."

Mr. Irving may hope to bring actors "abreast of the sister arts," though that is not a very happy or scholarly way of expressing himself; but why does he say that all the sister arts "are now fixed upon a chartered and incorporated basis"? Every one knows that the art of the dramatist is not so fixed, and that the whole art of letters has neither corporate representation nor charter of any kind in this country of Shakespeare. Whether the art of acting should be officially recognized or not is an interesting question, but Mr. Irving will not help his cause by misstatements.—Yours truly, J. R. M.

REVIEWS.

SIR GEORGE CHESNEY'S "INDIAN POLITY."

"Indian Polity." By General Sir George Chesney, K.C.B., M.P. London: Longmans & Co. 1895.

VERY shortly after the publication of this, the third edition of his valuable work, Sir George Chesney died very suddenly. His last labours were characteristically devoted to the thankless task of endeavouring to make interesting and clear to the British public the system and the problems of Indian administration. At a moment when it seemed to many who watched his career that he was about to secure the confidence of the House of Commons as a competent adviser upon such subjects, and to render yet one more signal service to the Indian Government as an authoritative and trusted exponent in England of its aims and methods, he has been called away from the scene of his honourable ambition. Though the House has among its members

other Indian experts, there are very few who, by training and by natural aptitude, were so qualified to assist it in many questions of Indian administration, or who would be listened to with the respect that was accorded to the late member for the city of Oxford.

With little exception, this book, as we learn from the preface to the present edition, has been rewritten throughout. Many and great changes have occurred in India since 1868, when the first edition was published. Other valuable works, too, upon Indian polity have appeared since then; notably Sir John Strachey's "India," which was issued in 1888. That work covers, indeed, much the same ground as the late Sir George Chesney's volume. They give, taken together, an exhaustive and authentic view of the whole range of Indian administration in all its varied aspects. Both are written in popular and intelligible form; and both, while indispensable to the student, present to more superficial readers the means of informing themselves on all those matters appertaining to our great Eastern dependency, of which some knowledge is necessary in order at least to follow current discussions, if not to gain fuller insight into the conditions of our tenure of India.

"Indian Polity" clearly and accurately describes the present machinery of the internal administration of that country. Its systems of finance, public works, railways, police, courts of justice, army, and so on, are in turn skilfully explained and discussed. So exhaustive is the work that one cannot but regret that it did not fall within its scope to devote a few pages to the relations of the Government of India with its feudatory States, whose importance, extent, and population (covering 805,000 square miles, and numbering more than 66,000,000 of inhabitants), cannot but claim a share in any comprehensive sketch of the country and its British rulers. It might have been well, too, to give a little space to the growth, the resources, and characteristics of the large area beyond the Indus which, of late years, has passed under our flag. Beluchistan, for example, is very briefly touched on; nor is anything said of other tracts more immediately adjoining our former frontier which, within late years, have been brought within the pale. Some adequate account was needed of the increase to its obligations which of late has been assumed by the British Government, by the incorporation of these territories. Geographical India and British India are no longer coterminous. For some years past we have been constantly going further afield; either by direct acquisition of territories, or by the less open but not less questionable process of extending what is mischievously termed our "political frontier"; and at this moment we are engaged in very disagreeable military operations as a result of these aggressive tendencies. Again, it was to be desired that something should have been said of the results of the last census; they throw much light on the distribution of races, tribes, castes, and creeds throughout the Peninsula. Some notice of them in Sir George Chesney's competent hands would have given life and light to a picture which, with its background of administrative details, and clouded atmosphere of discussion and dissertation, will seem to some a little sombre and uninviting.

Finally, the appearance, since 1868, and the rapid expansion of an educated class in India required more adequate notice. At no time of his life, probably, was Sir George Chesney very intimate with the purely social aspects of native life in India. He had possibly but little toleration for that gradual growth of personal and political self-assertion among Indians, whether individually or as a community, which is the outcome of British administration no less than of British education, aggressive and unmannerly as it is apt to be in its outward aspect. It will need a generation of Englishmen, whose roots do not lie so far down in India as in the times before 1857, to familiarize themselves with the forms of social native life which have been developed there in later years, and to enter into sympathy with them.

These criticisms apart, "Indian Polity" deserves little but unqualified praise. The chapters on the Army, on Public Works, and on Railways—all of them subjects of Sir George Chesney's life-long study—are especially useful. His comments on the comparative merits of State and company management of railways, which will be found at page 313, are just now peculiarly opportune.

The remarks on Finance, clear and candid as they are, would have been still more to the point if some prominence had been given to the grave fact that, on an average, half a million sterling has, for the last ten years, been annually added to the taxation of British India. Five millions have been required in a single decade, chiefly to meet the increased cost of military and railway expenditure, and of that progressive loss by exchange which has been almost wholly caused by the abnormal activity of these two departments during the period in question.

"If the people of India do not like us, it is impossible to help liking them. . . . Few can leave the country without carrying away memories of disinterested gratitude shown for good offices done, ties formed of mutual affection with those who have nothing more to look for from our friendship; feeling a degree of interest in India and its people which only long acquaintance with it and them could give."

These are among the closing sentences of "Indian Polity"; almost the last words Sir George Chesney published. It is honourable to him, and honourable to those of whom he wrote, that a man who owed so much to India, and to whom India owed not a little, expressed his latest thoughts of that great country in those touching lines. And, indeed, what Sir George Chesney said of India might, with as much appropriateness, be now said of him. For whether or not one was in sympathy with his views, it was impossible to help liking him. Why so comparatively early a term should have been put to a life so useful and so blameless is a question which many of his friends are doubtless now pondering. Fortune and success had not come early in life to him in the large measure which is granted to some public men in India. He was between forty and fifty when he did his excellent work as Principal of Cooper's Hill College. Before he joined the Viceroy's Council as its Military Member he was fifty-six; and he was sixty-two before he was given his K.C.B. But though he must have been conscious of capacity, attainments, and force of character largely in excess of the majority of those with whom he found himself associated, he showed little sign of discouragement at the long delay in finding full scope for his powers, nor did he let himself be soured. Doubtless, his literary and studious tastes consoled him for what in some moods may have seemed to him a galling and unmerited neglect. But the quality of his mind was so reasonable, and his temperament so healthy, that it was not in him to repine long, or to give way to morbid jealousies. His nature was no less fitted to sustain disappointments than to bear, without undue elation, the good fortune which in later years came to him. Neither success, nor want of success, put him off his balance. He carried with him into public life in England the social qualities which, in narrower circles in India, had distinguished him: earnestness, patience, good temper, geniality, kindness. Combined with these was the gift of a logical and well-stored mind, a keen sense of humour, great quickness of apprehension, indefatigable industry, tenacity, no little tact, and a simple freshness of character which was in curious contrast to what might seem at times the precise formalism of his demeanour. As an authority on Indian subjects there is no one in Parliament who can quite fill his place. Lamentable on all accounts as is his death, the fruit of his labours, in organizing at Cooper's Hill the Public Works College of India and in assisting recent reforms in Indian army administration, will survive him, and will recall him, for many years, to respect and grateful regard, both here and in the land where so much of his life was passed.

AUCKLAND COLVIN.

TWO METHODS OF COLONIZATION.

"The Story of the Expansion of Southern Africa." By the Hon. A. Wilmot. 8vo, pp. xxvii. 290. With Map. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894.

"Au Niger: Récits de Campagnes, 1891-92." Par Commandant Péroz. 8vo, pp. ii. 426. With Map. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1895.

AT a time when French and English rivalry in Africa is as keen as it is at present, the light these books throw on the methods of colonization adopted by the two nations is useful. The two works offer a striking con-

trast. The only important point they have in common is the absence of an index. The differences between them both in style and treatment are symptomatic of the methods of the movements they describe. The two works agree in so far as they both deal with the effort to found an African colony in face of the opposition of powerful tribes who claimed a vested interest in the right to pillage and murder their weaker neighbours. But the two books treat the subject from very different points of view. One of them summarizes the work of a century, the other tells us the story of a campaign. One records the history of the building of an empire, the other an incident in the attempt to do so. Mr. Wilmot describes the English methods of procedure; he shows how a number of private individuals have carried out the work unaided, handicapped by the mistakes and interference of their home Government, and denounced by the sentimentalists who claimed to be the real friends of the African natives. Commandant Péroz's book, on the other hand, shows that the French pioneers are sent forth officially, and receive nothing but encouragement, sympathy, and help, instead of hindrance, from their compatriots at home. In spite of this, however, the former is a proud record of successful achievement; it tells how our colonists have laid the foundations of an empire and civilized a barbarous people. The latter is a record of chivalrous sacrifices of blood and money, with no prospect of any adequate return.

"The Story of the Expansion of South Africa" is a most interesting one. The Cape was first settled by the Dutch East India Company, who ruled it badly for 143 years. England captured it in 1795. The old policy was at once reversed, monopolies were abolished, taxes were lightened, and a guarantee given that no new ones should be imposed. When the Cape was restored to Holland at the peace of 1802, it was stipulated that this enlightened policy should be maintained. After the resumption of hostilities, we again seized the Cape in 1806; in 1814 our conquest was confirmed by purchase for the sum of £5,000,000 (Dutch Guiana being thrown in). From this date the Colony grew slowly. Frontier wars and rebellions were chronic. The home Government tried to stop expansion, but in vain. Its efforts to do so, combined with the emancipation of the slaves, irritated the Dutch settlers. At last, when in 1834 England fatuously repudiated the results of the great Kaffir war, the Dutch could stand it no longer; 6000 of them trekked north and founded Natal. English misrule followed them, and in 1854 they trekked again; this time they went inland and founded the Orange Free State. Frontier wars continued, and were fomented by misguided home efforts to secure peace. To most of these wars Mr. Wilmot barely alludes. The war with the Zulus receives longer notice, as we might expect from the author of the best history of that struggle. The recent Matabili war, and fights and quarrels with the Portuguese, are also fully described. The author, however, is not a fighting man, and does not appear at his best in this part of the book. Only a man who was very much a civilian would say (p. 224) that the Maxims poured *shell* into the enemy.

The author tells his story in a simple, straightforward way and with commendable fairness toward the Dutch. He admits that it was unjust treatment that drove them from British territory, that the Transvaal was foolishly annexed in 1877, that Kimberley really belonged to the Orange Free State, and that the compensation paid for its seizure was most inadequate. As a rule the author is accurate. His optimism, however, leads him into occasional exaggeration, as when he says that the copper mines of Namaqualand are the richest in the world (p. xviii). His map still marks the Penguin Islands as British, though they were transferred to Germany in 1886. His occasional remarks on anthropology are muddled and out of date, as when he tells us that the language of the Hottentots and Bushmen was "essentially the same, and was a pure form of the Coptic tongue of Egypt," and that the Hottentots were the earliest inhabitants of Southern Africa. It is now pretty generally recognized that the Hottentots are only a mongrel race between Bushmen and Bantu, and that the Negrito Bushmen and the Hamitic Egyptians are in no way connected. But these are details, and in the main the work seems just, tolerant, and accurate.

Mr. Wilmot makes no pretension to literary style. The book is written in long involved sentences, which at times, as in his account of the Orange River (p. xvii), are absolutely unintelligible. In this respect Commandant Péroz's work is very superior. It is written in epigrams. There are more notes of exclamation on some of his pages than commas on some of Mr. Wilmot's. But this is its only merit. The book tells in unnecessary length the story of one of the campaigns against Samory, a chief or "emperor" in the upper basin of the Niger. The author went out with a party of reinforcements. He ascended the Senegal to Kayes. Thence the expedition marched southward into the country of its foes. It began fighting in April 1891, and after twelve months' work, and sustaining serious losses, was compelled to retreat, having accomplished nothing. The battles are described in greater detail than they appear to deserve. The battle of Bokhodougou, for example, we are told began at 8 A.M.; at 9.20 the fusillade raged round the burning village of Fabala. After being maintained all day with great violence, at 6.25 in the evening the firing redoubled in intensity. The battle finally ended in a triumphant victory for the French. The enemy, we are told, fired 12,000 cartridges, and the French 6800. In this terrible struggle, the French had four men wounded (p. 183). The next fight was even more desperate: the French fired 22,500 cartridges. It was a still more glorious victory. There was more than three times as much smoke. The next battle was not quite so noisy. The French only fired 19,500 cartridges. They had one man killed; so accidents will happen occasionally, even in war. After this we are prepared for a tribute of respect to the bravery of the Sofa soldiers and the military skill of their chief. So the book goes on. In one place a position is carried by a supreme effort of heroism, at the cost of one life and three scratches. In another, the column was enveloped in smoke all day; tobacco smoke would have been as deadly. The expedition apparently suffered more severely from illness and mismanagement than it did from the bullets of the Sofas. The whole of the garrison of Badumbé, except one man, died of yellow fever. We are not told what the original strength of the garrison was. Perhaps it was two.

The book is so full of these thrilling details that it tells us very little about the country, or of its political prospects in the future. The author denounces the English merchants of Sierra Leone as slave-traders, and accuses them of supplying Samory with guns and powder and the scum of the West Indian regiments. As the English merchants alone seem to have benefited by the war, his wrath is perhaps excusable. He says hardly anything about the natural history of the country; his book would be better if it said less. He describes the hippopotami, for example, as antediluvian animals. The author has, however, earned our gratitude by his candid remarks on the subject of the work of French missionaries. He says (p. 341) that their patriotism is equal to their devotion and to their Christian zeal, and that they teach all their scholars to love the name of France. He thinks their influence so useful politically that he recommends that every French column should be accompanied by a missionary father. For this unexpected testimony as to the methods of French missions, we may forgive the author his 420 pages of recitative and bathos.

SOME RECENT VERSE.

"The End of Elfin Town." By Jane Barlow. Illustrated by Laurence Housman. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

MISS BARLOW was happily inspired when she took "The End of Elfin Town" for her theme. Nothing could have suited her graceful fancy and delicate style of versification better than the tale she has devised concerning the further adventures of Oberon and his tiny folk. She begins by due tribute to the old poet of fairyland, who "knew so well" how to describe the fierce deeds of Pigiwiggie and the Fay King; but nothing could be falser than her criticism that he "writ in gold, as I in lead." Whatever Drayton's metal may have been, Miss Barlow's has no alloy of heavy dullness in it.

Her metre is tripping, airy, fantastic as the sprites she writes of; and the story she tells is charmingly pretty. It appears that the Bad Brown Witch cast a spell upon Oberon, in consequence of which he was inspired with a longing to build himself a stately palace several feet high; so he laid the curse of labour upon his little elves, and they toiled away at pulling along acorn cups, laying down dandelion pipes, and piling up sticks and pebbles, till their hearts and limbs become sore:

"Then, prithee, freeborn fays and elves,
Here let us pause and ask ourselves
Why this one hews, why that one delves,
Finch waking, chafer whirling."

Their tender feelings are hurt, moreover, by seeing that they are inflicting sufferings on others as well as on themselves. Thus laments one:

"My heart grows hot when yearnings vain
Dumb in the draught-ant's eyes speak plain,
For comrades' blithesome bustle fain,
Amid their garnered treasure.
And ruth and wrath will thro' me throb,
To hear the unsightly spider sob,
When from her loom the web we rob,
Wove with such pride and pleasure."

The spell is broken; Oberon and his subjects leave Elfin Town, "built with such toil and bustle," and depart from the earth in melodious song. Miss Barlow's fancies in the clothing she gives them are much more like poetry than the writings of most of our more ambitious minor poets. She has much talent and a certain distinction all her own. Mr. Housman's illustrations are very ingenious and skilful, but we do not care for his notion of fairies: they are too big and too much like ill-fed human beings: Doyle's idea of the "good people" is more to our taste. "The End of Elfin Town" ought to be sure of a hearty reception from one section of the community whose favour is perhaps as well worth winning as that of any: children are certain to like its pleasant rhythm and fascinating narrative.

"Sancan the Bard." By Edwin J. Ellis. With frontispiece by the author. London: Ward & Downey. 1895.

People discover fresh poets with so much promptitude, regularity, and frequency that we rather wonder nobody has announced Mr. Ellis as the new poet. He is indeed better worth gushing about than nine out of ten of the rhymers who are constantly puffing and being puffed. In his "Fate in Arcadia" there were many passages of considerable beauty both in form and thought, though he was too diffuse and quite unable to tell a story. In "Sancan the Bard" he still shows a tendency to interrupt himself in order to get in a pretty line or a bright idea, but his narrative is told well enough. It is perhaps a pity that it is put in dramatic form, because Mr. Ellis' strength does not by any means lie in the presentation of character. His people are lay figures, but they say and sing very beautiful things on occasion; and Mr. Ellis has a happy instinct for the right word and for lines which echo their sense. He has also an extremely interesting story to tell, and it is probable that no one who gets through a page of his easy iambs will drop the little book till he has finished. There is a strain of imagination and of something like mysticism running through the poem (and all the rest of Mr. Ellis's verse which we have seen) that gives it a fascination of its own, and hints not at all unpleasantly at the influence of Blake. It would not be fair to quote from him, because pretty as many separate passages are, the whole is in this instance emphatically greater than any of its parts—a thing which cannot generally be said of minor poetry. We must not omit to mention that Mr. Ellis shows in "Sancan the Bard" that he has plenty of humour.

"The Vale of Arden, and other Poems." By Alfred Hayes. London: John Lane. 1895.

If Mr. Hayes had any touch of Mr. Ellis' humour or Miss Barlow's sense of proportion (which perhaps is much the same thing), his verses would be better worth reading. One has an uneasy consciousness all the time that he is giving himself much trouble to write something altogether beyond him, and that he is comparing

himself mentally with the great poets (whom, indeed, he reminds us of in ways which he probably does not always intend), not altogether to the advantage of the former. Mr. Hayes writes much about the country, but he does not bring us a breath of the field and the flowers which he mentions so freely in his verse; he never seems to have his "eye on the object," but rather to be reproducing in very respectable metre a number of fine and moderately fine things which he has read about in books or seen in pictures. This, for instance, is a fair specimen from the title poem:

"Spring trills her blithest carol there,
When cowslips fleck the glistening green,
When swallows cleave the gladsome air
With rapturous cries, and bursting buds
Breathe, after showers, a soft mysterious sheen
Along the sunlit woods."

This is the conventional language of second-hand Nature "worship" as used by second-rate versifiers. Spring "trills," and naturally in "carols" of the "blithest." The "cowslip"—an essential property in verses of this description—of course "flects" the green: what would you have it do? Swallows are about for the purpose of "cleaving" an atmosphere which a minor poet must needs describe as "gladsome," in accordance with the etiquette of the profession. We should be disappointed if "rapturous," "bursting buds," and "sheen" (which must surely be a very awkward thing to "breathe") did not fill out the stanza. But does it not show a sad want of humour to write forty stanzas and several other poems of this kind at this time of day? It has all been done so often and so much better. And the worst of it is that, when Mr. Hayes does occasionally give us a good thing, it always sends our thoughts flying to something else—e.g.:

"Here, in this maze of stifling streets,
Where heaven's own eye looks sick and spent,
Where day to day care's curse repeats,
And nature's priceless hour
Is bartered for a glittering discontent,

I would not choose to die."

"Repeats," one notices in passing, is put in merely for the rhyme's sake, but one forgives this and the preceding commonplace for the sake of the long line next but one after it; but alas! this sets us thinking of Henry VIII. and Anne Bullen's swearing she would rather range with humble hours in content "than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief." This is, perhaps, not Mr. Hayes' fault, but it suspends our interest for the moment in his choice of a death-bed. He is still more unfortunate in the verse describing the poet, a verse which his admirers have cited as a specimen of his very best:

"A presence at his side alights,
A whisper at his ear is heard;
Amazed he takes his pen, and writes
The inevitable word."

This is half beautiful, half comic: no one with any sense of the fitness of things would have used "amazed" there, or, for that matter, have introduced the pen alongside of the angel: but "inevitable" spoils the stanza for us; it may or may not be remarkably appropriate (we confess that we do not think that it is), but it calls up at once "the inevitable hour" and Gray's solemn stanza. And after that we do not care much about Mr. Hayes. What is so hard on many promising young poets is that earlier writers of ability have most unfairly anticipated so many of their best things.

"Lays of the Dragon Slayer." By Maxwell Gray. London: Bliss, Sands & Foster. 1894.

In spite of Mr. William Morris, the Nibelungen stories are by no means so well known in England as to be hackneyed. "Maxwell Gray," who is acquainted with them, only by Carlyle's unpleasant and patronizing essay, and the synopsis in Velmar's "Deutsche Literatur-geschichte," refashions here tales of Kriemhild, Brunhild, and Siegfried in Spenserian stanzas: it is a metre that tempts the writer of it to do a good deal of "padding," and "Maxwell Gray" is not altogether guiltless in this respect. But the legends are told with spirit, and the handling of the metre is very creditable. The verses telling of the murder of Siegfried by Hagen at the well struck us as very graphic description.

"The Eternal and other Poems." By James Walker.
London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1895.

"The Eternal," (fifty named) thus begins:
"Spirit of Solitude! Twin spouse of Silence:
One and indivisible thou art
Ere Chaos breathed Creation: Primal essence,
Co-equal of Eternity; no part
Of universal space exists apart
From thy pervading presence. Companion
Of the soul, thy influence to me impart
As through life's pilgrimage I wander on,
Till with this world's grosser elements I have done."
And this is how it ends:

"If matter is eternal, uncreated,
Then soul and mind, and spirit, must proceed
From matter, to which they now are mated.
For in its earliest state we must concede
That union was not. Here all are agreed.
The elemental atom then, but later,
When from its primal freedom it was freed,
Became the non-existent man creator.
Can mortal folly be conceived greater?"

A very apposite ending. There are some hundred lines of this, and "other poems."

"Sita, and other Poems, mostly adapted for recitation."
By Mrs. Aylmer Gowing. London: Eliot Stock.
1895.

The verses in this volume rhyme and scan. Their contents it would be unkind to criticize; but we may as well point out that a versified story of Indian lust, and sonnets addressed to the late Mr. Gowing, do not strike us as remarkably well "adapted for recitation." However, tastes differ.

THE LIFE OF DEAN BUCKLAND.

"The Life and Correspondence of William Buckland, D.D., F.R.S. By his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. With Portraits and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1894.

IT seldom happens that a daughter, writing of a distinguished father, errs on the side of brevity. Mrs. Gordon tells her story in less than three hundred pages. The abundance and interest of her material, and her skill in handling it, makes us wish that she had been less modest. William Buckland was born in a Devonshire rectory in 1784; he died at Islip in 1856. His was the period of the great renaissance of physical science in England, a renaissance to which, indeed, the vigour of his character and his industrious talent contributed in no small degree. Before his time there were practically no science teaching and no scientific museum in Oxford. When he got his fellowship at Corpus Christi he turned his rooms into a museum, and, ransacking England and Europe for specimens, laid the foundation of his magnificent collection. "Buckland's conduct," says his biographer, "alarmed the older generation of college fellows. Some dreaded lest his example should drive the *amœnitates academicæ* out of fashion; others suspected that the new studies might prove to be dangerous innovations. His goings and comings were therefore watched with an interest which was not wholly devoid of fear. When, in the early stages of his career, he started on a tour to the Alps and to Italy—the results of which enabled him to produce one of the boldest and most effective of his writings—an authoritative elder is said to have exclaimed: "Well, Buckland is gone to Italy; so, thank God, we shall hear no more of this geology." Even now, although the splendid series of fossil reptiles and some of the more interesting specimens have found a place in the new museum, a great part of Buckland's collection lies mouldering in a shed outside. "The Hebdomadal Council at Oxford were urged to apportion a space, when the enlargement of the museum buildings was contemplated, for the "collection in the cellars" as it was called, and within the last two years a large room has been placed at the disposal of the Professor of Geology. There the matter rests, and, it is feared, will continue to rest, unless the University makes a special grant to rescue this bequest from oblivion." But it must be stated that there is a shrewd

suspicion in Oxford that the collection has long since been rifled of its treasures.

In 1824 Buckland assisted in securing a royal charter for the Geological Society, and was appointed its first President. He was President of the British Association at the Oxford meeting in 1832, the meeting which really established the Association as the great annual gathering of British science. Mrs. Gordon makes a just comparison between the modern estimation in which such meetings are held, and the complete want of public interest with which the pioneers had to cope. She writes: "Almost the only, if not absolutely the only, reference to the meeting, which occurs in the *Times*, is contained in a leading article for June 28, 1832. 'We have received,' says the article, 'some notices from correspondents respecting the character and proceedings of the present meeting of scientific men at Oxford,' and goes on to give its reasons for thinking that such meetings are useless."

Mrs. Gordon devotes considerable attention to the practical side of Dr. Buckland's science. Although he was keenly devoted to science as an end in itself, he had a sturdy Baconian affection for the fruits of any study. It is difficult for us to realize now the extreme ignorance concerning the natural world that prevailed in his time. When, for instance, the fortifications were being made at Gibraltar, the necessary lime was shipped from Plymouth, although Gibraltar is a limestone rock. Farmers and landlords alike were ignorant of the natural advantages of the soils they cultivated or owned. Buckland devoted himself to spreading all the useful knowledge in his possession. His discovery that the layers of coprolites were a source of phosphatic manure of high value, in those days when Colonel North and Peru were unknown, proved of the utmost service. By lectures, by pamphlets, and by personal effort, he advocated proper methods of draining, the use of natural sources of lime, and nearly half the commonplaces of the practical farming of to-day. In 1838 he prevailed upon the Government to establish a school where there might be obtained "a scientific education in connection with manufacture and mining." This was the origin of the Royal School of Mines and the Jermyn Street Museum.

Another side of science that was continually in Buckland's mind was the theological argument to be derived from it. Even in these untroubled pre-Darwinian days the theological lion did not lie down with the scientific lamb. It is true, the fossil monsters that Buckland discovered and restored presented no difficulty. As *reliquiæ diluvianæ*, relics of the flood, they had an explanation satisfactory to the most stubborn dogmatist; and the question of the descent of man was still in the future. But there was a bitter, if honest prejudice against science, in that it seemed to contradict the Bible. Buckland fought the battle of enlightenment with a disturbing humour but with a real reverence that convinced many of his most zealous opponents, and his Bridge-water Treatise remains to this day a splendid monument of his scientific power and his theological devotion.

Buckland belonged to a time incongruous with our own. His discoveries in geology and his practical achievements have become commonplaces to-day, and his fame has been overshadowed by Darwin and Lyell, even by Owen and Prestwich. But under Mrs. Gordon's guidance we can see him in the atmosphere of his time and recognize the greatness of the man and the powerful influence he had in shaping the progress of the scientific thought of the century.

AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN.

"The Temple of Deir el Bahari: its Plan, its Founders, and its First Explorers." Introductory Memoir by Edouard Naville, D.Litt., D.Phil., Correspondent of the Institute of France. London: Egypt Exploration Fund. 1894.

AFTER visiting the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes the traveller usually turns aside, on his way back to Luxor, to admire the wall sculptures of the interesting temple of Deir el-Bahry, unique among Egyptian monuments in its arrangement and its picturesque site. Beyond its terraces, gradually climbing towards the vertical scarp of the tawny Libyan cliffs,

lie mysterious chambers, hewn in the rock, burrowing beneath the precipice; the walls are covered with exquisite reliefs, carved on a fine limestone surface, smooth and white as marble, and their story is full of romantic associations of the great queen who upheld the glorious traditions of the Theban Empire as nobly as any Thothmes or Rameses of her royal race. For a long time Egyptologists puzzled over the name of the founder of the terrace temple. There was no queen admitted in Manetho's list of legitimate monarchs of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and when Champollion visited Deir el-Bahry in the first quarter of the present century he stood confounded before the inscriptions which he began to read there. "If," he says, "I felt somewhat surprised at seeing here, as elsewhere throughout the temple, the renowned Moeris, adorned with all the insignia of royalty, giving place to this Amenenthe, for whose name we may search the royal lists in vain, still more astonished was I to find on reading the inscriptions that wherever they referred to this bearded king in the usual dress of the Pharaohs, nouns and verbs were in the feminine, as though a queen were in question." To solve the difficulty of this "daughter of the sun," the "daughter whom Amon-Ra loves," Champollion propounded a queen "Amense," but he never arrived at the real solution. Sir Gardner Wilkinson was no more successful than his great predecessor: he changed the Sovereign's name to Amunneitgori, but still made him a male, and could not explain why the inscriptions called him "her." The indefatigable Lepsius was the first to discover that the temple was built by a queen called "Numt-Amen," whom he erroneously described as the sister of Thothmes III., but rightly identified with the founder of the two tall obelisks of Karnak. He also correctly read as "Numt-Amen" the first two words in the cartouche of the queen whom subsequent Egyptologists have fully identified as the daughter of Thothmes I., and have variously designated under the names of Hatasou (Mariette), Hashop (Brugsch), Hatshepsut (Budge), Hatshepsut (Petrie), and Hatshepsu (Naville), in accordance with the pleasing uncertainty of hieroglyphic orthography. It is no wonder that scholars were reluctant to admit the sex of a lady who from childhood is always represented on the monuments in male dress. In the southern *speos* or rock-cut chapel of Deir el-Bahry she appears in the likeness of a boy, suckled by the divine cow Hathor; as a youth she stands forth on another wall sculpture; and elsewhere in the temple she officiates as a priest, wears the head-dress of Osiris, and is throughout depicted as a bearded man.

Monarchy in Egypt implied a man, and doubtless Queen Hatshepsu—or, to give her ampler names, Kamara Hatshepsu Numt-Amen—was obliged to wear the breeches, in a strictly Egyptian sense. Evidently she possessed a man's capacity for affairs—a capacity that was conspicuous even in an age of great rulers—and she must have appeared something of an alarming phenomenon, a sort of Theban New Woman, to the conventional ideas of the Egyptian priests; perhaps she really did wear man's attire, like some Eighteenth Dynasty bicyclist! Her father Thothmes chose her, whilst still very young, to be his associate upon the throne, as all may read upon one of the great pylons at Karnak, where the king beseeches the god Amon to "bestow upon my daughter Kamara" (to follow the reading of Tell el-Amârina), "living eternally, Egypt and the Red Land, as thou hast done for me . . . my daughter who loves thee, who is united unto thee, beloved . . . thou hast chosen her as queen." After Thothmes I.'s death she seems to have ventured to reign alone for a time, about 1500 B.C. according to the latest researches, and then she married Thothmes II. It is, of course, a mere modern prejudice, but we confess to a feeling of relief at the discovery of M. Maspéro that her husband was not, as had been supposed, her uterine brother, but her father's son by a different mother. Four successive kings of the Eighteenth Dynasty married their half-sisters, and the endogamous arrangement certainly does not seem to have been attended with any physical degeneration. Hatshepsu, nevertheless, was not fortunate in her marriage. Her husband was a feeble person, and his mummy at the Giza Museum shows signs of a cutaneous disease upon its pallid skin. Perhaps a domestic tragedy lies behind the scanty re-

cords, and Hatshepsu, compelled to join a king to herself, despised her sickly spouse with all the loathing of her masculine spirit, and revolted at the senseless convention which forced her, a born ruler, to take a puny consort, merely because she happened to be a woman and he the semblance of a man. However, he did not trouble her long; his feeble constitution cracked beneath her iron will, and he died young. But her feminine troubles were not yet over. Again a man had to be set beside her, and this time it was her nephew-step-son, Thothmes III., the child of her husband-half-brother by a young person of his harim, called Isis. Naturally the queen did not warm towards the Ishmael of this Hagar; but she was obliged to make the best of him, place him by her side, and give him her daughter, the younger Hatshepsu-meri-Ra, to wife. One sees the queen and her nephew the king kneeling, side by side, in the rock-cut sculptures of Deir el-Bahry, offering milk and wine to Amon; but it was not the milk of human kindness. After her death Thothmes III. did his very best to revenge himself for past snubbings, by diligently hammering out her name and her portrait wherever he found them on the walls of her temple, and putting his own in their place. But whilst thus obliterating his aunt's name and appropriating to himself all her great deeds, he forgot to change the feminine forms in the inscriptions, and the skill of Egyptologists has at length rendered unto Queen Hatshepsu the honour which is her due. If she did not shine, like others of her line, in the character of a great conqueror, it was because she preferred to develop peaceful arts, and spread prosperity and orderly government over her dominions. The famous expedition to the Land of Punt on the Red Sea (which the wicked nephew vainly tried to appropriate by falsifying the inscriptions) is proof of her efforts to extend commerce, and forms the most interesting narrative of maritime adventure to be found upon the Egyptian monuments. It also brought to light in the portrait of the Queen of Punt the very fattest Sovereign on record.

The Egypt Exploration Fund, which for thirteen years has done yeoman service to the cause of archaeology by its scientific excavations at Pithom, Tanis, Bubastis, Naucratis, and other ancient sites in the Delta, has been fortunate in again securing the invaluable superintendence of the learned Swiss Egyptologist, M. Naville, for the excavation and description of the rock temple of Deir el-Bahry—which for some inscrutable reason people will call Bahari, though there is no second *a* in the Arabic. M. Naville may be safely trusted to rescue all that remains of the temple, and to piece together its records and history with his invariable scholarly caution and profound erudition. He has already been three seasons at work, but there still remains much to be done. One can only regret that the task could not have been undertaken fifty years ago, when so much that is described by Lepsius had not been carried off or destroyed by wanton tourists and unscrupulous hunters after antiques. But even then the temple had suffered through centuries of depredations at the hands of the stupid Copts, who delighted in quarrying their squalid convents out of the most precious relics of the ancient empire whose sanctuaries they desecrated. Still the interesting memoir which M. Naville has written on the history of the temple and its queen, and the fifteen admirable photographs appended to it show how much remains of the highest interest and value. The portraits of Queen Hatshepsu and her father and mother, the Egyptian ships and soldiers of the Punt expedition, the frankincense-trees in pots brought back from Arabia, are beautifully represented, and should find a place in the library of every artist and lover of antiquity. This well-printed book bears no printer's name. The other day we had to point out a false imprint. Verily, the American Copyright Act is playing the deuce with the morals of English printers.

FICTION.

"Olympia's Journal." By W. S. Holnut. London: George Bell. 1895.

A MORE delightful book than this has not come the way of a toiling reviewer for some little time. It is eminently readable—and, being so, it scarcely lends

itself to lengthy reviewing. A kind of inverse ratio holds between books and reviews, a readable book, an unreadable review; for what reader wants to saw his way through great slabs of praise? Olympia is a delightful egotist who falls upon the "human document" idea, and begins a diary. Here is an entry therein: "Feb. 14th.—Got up very early and wrote six pages in my commonplace book—criticism on my own state of mind, and in the peculiar sensation of coming away from yesterday afternoon's party in a bad temper. Filled up the rest"—never mind how. She marries one Braithwaite, a self-made man of remarkable type, with the sole idea of making a stirring novel out of him. The book runs on cheerfully to the end, and closes with a keen stab of pathos. Marjorie, a friend of Olympia's, is a sweet character, sketched with remarkable skill. Altogether this is a very pretty piece of kindly satire. That "Filled up the rest" is delicious.

"The Banishment of Joseph Blythe." By Joseph Hatton. London: Hutchison & Co. 1895.

Mr. Hatton has written a fine effective story, highly coloured, brilliantly lit, with interest steadily sustained, with touches of pathos—Jessop's last dream is in its way a particularly good piece of work—and not a few flashes of humour. It is a story of the Peak country, full of hillside effects, and caves, and precipices. It is not a case for the microscope of criticism, the tale has been flung down upon the paper in a broad, bold style; as a whole we judge it and as a whole we find it very good. Yet now and then we come upon more than microscopic ruts and obstructions, and a delicate reviewer's bones have been shaken, so to speak. A little revision had saved us such tangles of dependent sentences as this that follows. It is a writhing heap of clauses, a snaky confusion of meanings, a Gorgon of a paragraph for the unhappy reader. We still wonder what it is all about:

"Tradition, though it does not record the names of the unhappy victims, brings the murderers to justice, which was more than was done, as it seems, for a certain Northam Holmes, whose untimely end at the gate of the winds, while it is a preliminary incident of these pages, only casts an attenuated shadow over the life of the assassin or his brother, who was an unwilling possessor of his guilty secret. It nevertheless supplies the keynote of the character of the master of the Traveller's Rest, and helps to justify the evil reputation of the Blythes, who, nevertheless, give to these chronicles a heroine not unworthy of the boasted nobility of the women of the Great High Peak."

One such passage is, after all, but a stone under the wheel during a breezy drive. But it is not the only one of its kind, and in some places the whole road is raw. Mr. Hatton has still to learn that the simple sentence is the proper medium for a string of events.

"Prince Zaleski." By M. P. Shiel. London: John Lane. 1895.

This, we sincerely hope, is the low water-mark in "Keynotes." We doubt if Mr. John Lane in his short but brilliant career has ever published anything half so bad before. Prince Zaleski is Sherlock Holmes "volumed in a Turkish *beneesh*," girt round the stomach by a broad gold-orphreyed *ceinture* with a golden kybosh—on reference we find this should be a "gemmed chibouque," but it hardly matters—and other insufficient wrappings and addenda to conceal the theft. For Baker Street there is a lonesome room, "shrouded in the sullen voluptuousness of plushy, narcotic-breathing draperies." But there is no doubt of its being Sherlock—demented; he has the pallor, the woven fingers, the habits of stimulants and prolonged concentration, the uninteresting narrative friend, all the old attributes; the organ on which he plays is simply poor dear Sherlock's discarded violin—the only thing he lacks, indeed, is his proper author. Lacking him he lacks his brains, and the problems he handles become mere madhouse researches. Here is a sample of Zaleski Holmes at work on a papyrus: "Now I knew that the male figure was no mortal, but a god, a spirit, a *Daemon* (in the Greek sense of the word); and the female figure I saw by the marked shortness of her drapery to be no Athenian, but a Spartan; no matron either, but a maiden, a lass, a *lassie*; and now I had forced on me *lassie daemon*, *lacedaemon*." The style of

the book is inimitable, a veritable frenzy of impure English. Prince Zaleski's "Love" the "fulgor of the throne itself could not abash." Here, too, is a very fine passage: "The crude grave has gaped before the cock to suck in *every one* of those shrunk forms, so indigent of vital impulse, so pauper of civism, lust, so draughty, so vague, so lean—but not before they have had time to dower with the ah and wo of their infirmity a whole wretched army of grandchildren." But the book is too foolish even to keep one laughing at it. We fail to see where the "Keynote" comes in.

"With Feet of Clay." By Alice Mary Dale. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1895.

Miss Dale is either very young or a subtle humourist. She has written a story about some people made partly of very vulgar flesh and blood, and partly of wood; the women behave like shop-girls in a ladylike mood, great with "cold and formal" bows—"I will bid you good-night, papa, when you have quite finished what you are saying," observed his daughter icily, and so forth—and her men go on like timber automata. And she has seen fit to give all these strange creatures positions in and about the peerage, and to dower them with footmen, estates, and considerable sums of money. We have found the book rather amusing in an unpremeditated way; there is something pleasing, for instance, in such a development as Bertha's interruption of Lord Erlingford's wedding. Bertha, it must be understood, was a deceased wife's sister that he married in Australia.

"I am Lord Erlingford's wife," she said, looking at the bishop with dark, scornful eyes. [Poor bishop!] . . . Julian kept his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the bishop's face, and that dignitary now turned to him with a look of condemning severity. Julian was very pale, and he clasped and unclasped his hands restlessly and nervously. . . . 'The lady is not my wife,' he said to the bishop at last; 'you know the facts of the case as well as I do; they are public enough. Let the wedding go on, if you please.' 'No,' interrupted Durward, firmly. 'I have evidence here to show that this lady is Lord Erlingford's wife. His first wife was not her sister; she was only an adopted child of Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis, and no relation whatever to Lady Erlingford. I have every proof of it here,—arrived from Australia only within the last few hours.' . . . 'Well,' said the bishop; 'I suppose there is nothing more to be said or done here.'"

And off he went. It seems highly probable that Miss Dale is a beginner. If so, she has industry, considerable imagination, almost too much ambition, and a fine inexperience of things in general. Now that is the stock-in-trade of most literary beginners. And she has never heard that wise advice: "Begin upon your aunts and leave the peerage alone." We do not blame her for writing this book, provided our supposition is right, but it was a mistake to publish it. Unless we interpret her wrongly, she has her reading, thinking, and suffering all before her yet; she has her style to get, and everything to learn. One almost envies her. Charlotte Brontë burnt several novels before she published anything. We would advise Miss Dale to go on writing and to bear that example in mind.

"On Turnham Green." By Charles T. C. James. London: Bliss, Sands & Foster. 1895.

This is a galloping story of a brave highwayman and a pretty lass, gallant adventures and narrow escapes, and capture, and the king's pardon brought just in time from Windsor by the lass and the sympathetic friend. Any sane boy will enjoy it immensely, and at boys it aims without any side glances at the grown-up person. From a literary point of view it is not a patch on Stanley Weyman; we must state as much for the sake of criticism and good workmanship. But from the boy's point of view that really matters very little.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Dante: his Times and Work." By Arthur John Butler. London: Innes & Co. 1895.

IT would seem, from the number of books designed to assist the English reader in the study of Dante, that no foreign classic is so greatly studied as is the "Divina Commedia." Mr.

Butler, whose addition to the long list of such works possesses distinct merits of its own, and is in no sense vain repetition, points out that since the beginning of this century there have appeared new editions of this "Commedia" at the rate of one annually, and that of books on Dante the publication has been five times greater. If anything this estimate is under the mark, though whether it be over or under there is no doubt as to the significance of the vast growth of commentaries, essays, and other guides to the study of Dante. The interest of the modern world in Dante is still more strikingly shown if we may pretty safely ignore, as Mr. Butler thinks we may, the literature of the subject written between the years 1400 and 1800. One of the chief merits of Mr. Butler's book is that it will not, we are well assured, leave his readers confounded with the difficulties of the subject, or resolve them to take no further steps. It will, on the contrary, incite them to study the original. The practical utility of the book is largely due to the fact that it was suggested by the writer's own experience as a student. Mr. Butler tells us, with admirable candour, that he began to read Dante with "very little knowledge of Italian, but knowing French and Latin pretty well." Thus he was set upon "the only way to learn," which is, as he puts it, "to find for yourself where the difficulties are," and this can best be done by "beginning with the minimum of help." Readers of Mr. Butler's book should be grateful for the frank confessions that find a place in the "Hints to Beginners" in the appendix, which hints are of value not merely because they afford excellent guidance as to what to read and how to read, but because they are of the kind that should hearten beginners. Mr. Butler's book is of two parts. In the one he deals with the life and times of Dante, and gives a sketch of the origin of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, and their development as parties in Italy, which is altogether admirable for conciseness and clearness. In the second part he gives a summary of the "Commedia," noting some of the more striking theories of modern critics by the way, and, when occasion offers, commenting on the weak bases of these theorists with good effect. Especially well treated is the vexed subject of Dante's relation with the rival factions. That Dante was no party man, as some have thought the "Inferno" to prove, but rather both Guelph and Ghibeline, is a point very ably argued by Mr. Butler. But on other questions much debated by recent commentators, such as the identity of Beatrice with the daughter of Folco Portinari and the wife of Simone de' Bardi, he holds what we take to be the view of common sense and criticism. Mr. Butler is not of those who would doubt the testimony of Boccaccio because Boccaccio is a romancer.

"The 'Vita Nuova' and its Author." By Charles Stuart Boswell. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited. 1895.

Mr. Boswell is in agreement with Mr. Butler in ascribing to writers of the present century a "vast amount of learning and industry" with regard to the study of Dante, whence has arisen a "sounder literary appreciation" than was common in previous times. Still, he observes, there are those, "who should know better," who show an imperfect understanding of the poet and write of Dante's "harshness," "vindictiveness," "love of the horrible," and so forth. We might point out that even Landor was of those who reprehend and indulge in a little scolding. But, passing this aspect of the subject, Mr. Boswell is moved to think that a "far other and juster estimate" of the "Commedia" might be found by the study of the minor writings of Dante. No doubt it would be well if students of Dante should not neglect the "Vita Nuova," the "Convito," and the treatise on Monarchy. But surely the best way of arriving at a true estimate of the "Commedia" would be the study of the "Divine Comedy" as a whole. Mr. Boswell's volume comprises a literal translation of the "Vita Nuova" in English prose, with notes, and an introduction, forming one half of the book, which deals with the poet's life and period. Every translator has his theory of translation, and Mr. Boswell has his with regard to one of the few entirely beautiful books in literature. There are three plans, he observes, open to the translator of the "Vita Nuova." The first, or "Æsthetic" design, aims at the reproduction of the beauties of the original, not so much the "exact words" of the original as the "impression which those words are intended to convey." That is what we should style the poet's way of translation. The second, or "Historic" design, furnishes "a correct and readable version" such as will lead none astray as to facts, opinions, or other subject matter, and is free to render the author's idiom by some corresponding idiom. The third, or "Biographical" design, which is Mr. Boswell's choice, endeavours to "render as fully as possible all that throws light upon the personality of the author, and to this end the translator must reproduce, so far as differences of idiom will permit, all those turns of thought and language in which so much of personality finds expression." With this ideal, Mr. Boswell has made what appears to us, after consulting it here and there, to be an exceedingly close rendering. He has preferred, as he owns, baldness to licence, on occasion and has aimed at a literalness that is even "slavish," while conscious of the sacrifice of charm involved in the process. The tendency of his version is towards an archaic dress rather than to the English of his own time. In this he has not followed the example of Shelley in his translation of the sonnet "Guido, vorrei che tu, e Lapo ed io." Mr. Boswell, in his notes, gives a verse rendering

of this sonnet, in which occur such locutions as "I wis," and such terms as "wizard's gramarye." It is true there are no such extreme instances in his prose renderings of the sonnets and the canzoni of the "Vita Nuova," but the comparison may be useful to those who hold that the translator should render into language that is accepted and current, and avoid the diction of times long past.

"The Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell." By Daniel Defoe. Vol. IV. of the "Romances and Narratives of Defoe." Edited by G. A. Aitken. London: Dent & Co. 1895.

Defoe has seldom blended fact and fiction more deftly than in this curious history of a famous diviner and fortune-teller. The address to the "Ladies and Gentlemen of Great Britain" is a masterpiece of art. It is signed "Duncan Campbell," and points the moral of the "History" that follows with a delightful air of candour. The scorn of popular superstitions, of the mischievous fortune-tellers of Moorfields, Crow Alley, and the like (rival practitioners of Campbell), is really very exquisite. No sign is given to show that Defoe was aware of Campbell's imposture, for imposture of some kind there certainly was in his practice, though Mr. Aitken has decided not to discuss the question. With the utmost gravity and the most admirable *vérité* the most astounding things are recorded of Mr. Duncan Campbell. That he was gifted with "second sight" is tolerably certain. But still more useful to him was his "Egyptian loadstone" and his "miraculous powder," which was as magically potent as Sir Kenelm Digby's celebrated "sympathetic powder." His physical disabilities doubtless helped to make his reputation. Other gentlemen who lived on their wits needed all their five senses. It was the "luckier lot" of this fortune-teller to be born deaf and dumb, though, to be sure, there was inconvenience in this, as when he drew his sword on the bailiffs on a memorable occasion through misapprehension of their intentions. The "late Earl Rivers," we are told, was angry that the escape of Campbell was impeded by one of his servants, who, when reprimanded, replied that if he had known they were bailiffs he would have fought for the poor dumb gentleman, "but then, why had he not told me they were bailiffs, my lord?" Luckier still was Campbell in obtaining so perfect a chronicler of his exploits as Defoe. With this curious "History" Mr. Aitken reprints the equally curious pamphlet "The Friendly Demon," and the well-known ghost story of Dorothy Dingle, told by the Rev. John Ruddle, of Launceston, and retold as "The Botathen Ghost," by the late Mr. Hawker of Morwenstow. Mr. Aitken, by the way, regards Mr. Hawker as another Defoe, and thinks he must have invented the "Diurnall" of the Cornish vicar from which he professes to have derived his story. Mr. J. B. Yeats contributes to this attractive volume some admirable drawings, that of Mrs. Irwin and her three pretty babes being especially charming.

"Bird Notes." By the late Jane Mary Hayward. Edited by Emma Hubbard. London: Longmans & Co. 1895.

Lovers of birds, of birds out of cages, we should say, cannot fail to be delighted with these purely informal yet distinctly individual studies of bird-life in a Devonshire garden. We wonder not that the servant of Miss Hayward should introduce her favourite robin to a visitor, as the bird approached the room, with "Come along! here's your Missus!" Every page of this pleasant book explains the trust and sympathy that existed between the "Missus" and her feathered subjects. Among the birds of her Sidmouth garden, Miss Hayward was all that the lady was to the flowers in the garden of the "Sensitive Plant." Her "Notes" show the rarest sympathy with the needs, the habits, the caprices, and the language of birds. She made herself understood by a "little language" of her own. As to their trust in her, the editor remarks, "I never saw anything like it." The story of "Tapping Tom," the blue tit, is a striking illustration of her benignant influence, and there are many more examples fully as remarkable. Miss Hayward was an accomplished portrait-painter, and wrote verse that is full of natural grace, as this book suffices to show. One of her portraits, that of F. D. Maurice in the National Portrait Gallery, will be recalled by many readers of these "Notes." We must not omit to commend the spirited drawings with which Mr. G. E. Lodge has illustrated Miss Hayward's observations on birds and their ways.

"The Wee Widow's Cruise in Quiet Waters." By Edith E. Cuthell. London: Ward & Downey. 1895.

Mrs. Cuthell's account of the yachting cruise of two adventurous ladies is agreeably blended with a little romance and reminiscences of ancient history. Both ladies are involved in the romance, which gratifies the reader by the touch of piquancy it provides. The quiet waters visited by the yacht are the estuaries and back-waters of Sussex, Hants, and Dorset, some of which are little known to yachtsmen. Bosham, for example, is scarcely a port that can be said to be frequented by those that go down to the Solent in yachts. The yacht must be small, and you must know the soundings. Wherever they put in, they invoke historic memories, or hear strange stories of the natives, as when they learn of the ways of the Corfe "marblers." Altogether, this is an unpretentious and cheerful book.

NOTES.

THE new edition for 1895 of "Burke's Peerage and Baronetage" (Harrison & Sons) is prefaced by a summary of changes that have occurred in the peerage since the last issue, in accordance with the precedent of previous volumes of this compendious genealogical and heraldic dictionary. The obituary list enumerates twenty-five peers, and is less heavy than in most recent years. The new creations comprise the baronies of Rendel, Russell of Killowen, Welby, and Davey. Three baronetcies, Clifford-Constable, Dalton-Fitzgerald, and Tempest, have become extinct. The first-named family was a branch of the Devonshire family, the Lords Clifford of Chudleigh. Ten baronetcies have been created, and eighty-two new names figure in the list of knights. Among the honours gazetted as late as last January we note the additions to the list of baronets of Sir John Barran, Sir George Newnes, Sir John Russell Reynolds, the eminent physician, and Sir John Eric Erichsen, the distinguished surgeon.

The growth of African exploration and the consequent increase of the literature of African travel are significantly illustrated by the new issue of Mr. Stanford's excellent "Compendium of Geography and Travel." The single volume devoted to the continent of Africa in the first edition has now expanded to two, each of which, as Mr. A. H. Keane remarks in the preface to the first volume of the "Africa" of the new "Compendium," is somewhat larger than the original volume. Practically Mr. Keane's "North Africa" is a new work. It retains scarcely anything of the former work by the late Keith Johnson. No one who knows how rapid is the march of events in Africa will consider this remarkable expansion of material at all excessive. History, political questions, ethnology, and exploration, all contribute largely to the extended scheme of Mr. Keane's work. There would seem to be something prophetic, in the light of present-day reports from the Niger Company's territory and the adjacent French possessions, in Mr. Keane's statement that the "more than doubled space has seemed scarcely adequate to a proper exposition of the facts," both political and geographical, that have accumulated of late years. Mr. Keane's treatment of a many-sided subject in this new volume of "North Africa" is eminently well ordered and skilful. The new information, drawn from many sources, is presented in the most instructive and lucid fashion. The maps and illustrations are worthy of the publisher's reputation.

Another new edition of importance to all interested in the "Dark Continent" is Mr. H. H. Johnston's fascinating record of travel, "The River Congo, from its Mouth to Bolobo" (Sampson Low & Co.), of which we have a cheaper edition, the fourth, revised by the author.

We have also received a new edition of M. Jules Verne's "Five Weeks in a Balloon" (Sampson Low & Co.), illustrated; Bradshaw's "Dictionary of Bathing-places and Climatic Health Resorts," with maps and plans (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.), new edition; "A Grey Romance," by Mrs. Clifford, with "Stories" by H. D. Traill and others (Allen & Co.), new edition; "Speeches," by Charles Bradlaugh (Bradlaugh-Bonner); "Legends and Lyrics from Victor Hugo," by Cecilia Elizabeth Meekkerke (Digby, Long & Co.); "The Citizen and the State," Part I.: "Representative Government," by E. J. Mathew, LL.B. (Macmillan & Co.); Mr. H. de Windt's Lecture on the "Prisons of Siberia"; the *Journal of the Marine Biological Association*, No. 4 (Dulau & Co.); "Electoral Government of Greater Britain," by B. H. Thwaite (Simpkin & Co.); and "The Church Patronage Bill, 1895," by Lewis T. Dibdin, D.C.L. (Gordon).

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE *Nineteenth Century* is given over this month, more than is commonly the case, to the discussion of controversial subjects. The note is struck with no uncertain sound in "England and the Mediterranean," by Colonel Sir George Clarke, who deals with the "bag and baggage" policy, as he terms the proposals of Mr. Laird Clowes with regard to the Mediterranean Fleet and Mediterranean occupation, in a decidedly antagonistic spirit. Dr. Martineau's critical examination of Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" is marked by depth and a well-considered breadth of view, as might be expected of the writer. Mr. Sidney Low follows up his clever and interesting essay on the possible abolition of the Commons with a not less able paper on the "Decline of the House of Commons." There is much force, as well as not a little plausibility, in the contention of Mrs. Crackanthorpe, that art and literature are not one and indivisible. Her article, "Sex in Modern Literature," is skilfully constructed and written with fervid conviction, though it does not fathom, it seems to us, the whole "mystery of sex." Mr. Swinburne's critical study of "The Plays of Thomas Heywood" is full of delicate suggestiveness and keen insight. It recalls altogether the writer's excellent critique of Chapman, and we could not better indicate its value than by saying so, even though we should analyze it page by page. Besides these notable contributions, we must mention Mr. Loch's "Manufacturing a New Pauperism" and Professor Prestwich's geological essay, "The Greater Antiquity of Man," as articles of prominent interest in the *Nineteenth Century*.

In the *Contemporary* the unfortunate "Canadian Copyright Act" is fairly riddled with shot, both small and great, by Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Lecky, and Mr. Rider Haggard, with whom are associated certain eminent publishers. Dr. Fairbairn's criticism of Mr. Balfour's "Foundations" is much less urbane than Dr. Martineau's, and scarcely, we think, so effective. The humour of Mr. Crockett's "Scottish National Humour" is of the kind with which we find ourselves in very imperfect sympathy. More stirring and more revealing in its treatment is Mr. Ashcroft Noble's article on the "Fiction of Sexuality," the ignoble distortion of which fiction (or of much of it) is pleasantly commented upon by Mr. Noble. "Is it art?" the writer is content to ask, and most people will find themselves in agreement with the answer he gives. We have to mention merely, for lack of space, several other notable papers, such as Mr. J. F. Hogan's "Australia Revisited"; "The Political Situation in France," by M. Gabriel Monod; and "Samuel Taylor Coleridge," by Julia Wedgwood.

Foremost among the papers of interest in the *National* is Mr. Leslie Stephen's Toynbee Hall lecture "The Choice of Books," an admirable discourse, and surprisingly fresh, considering the well-threshed not to say grey-headed theme. Lord Wolmer deals with the mystery of the Irish "Cheques" question, and the original cause, or causes, that inspired Lord Tweedmouth's offer of £2000, "under his signature or anonymously." The "Currency Question," by Mr. Herbert Gibbs, Sir W. H. Houldsworth, and Sir David Barbour, is an article that covers a wide field, and being designed for "laymen," is mercifully brief and admirably intelligible throughout. Sir David Barbour, who treats of the currency from the standpoint of Indian finance, is no believer, we rejoice to observe, in the bankruptcy of India. "Twenty-five Years of a German Court Theatre" is the title of a very interesting paper by Mr. John G. Robertson on the Court theatre of Munich, the home of an influential and thoroughly individual school of acting. Miss Balfour's "Twelve Hundred Miles in a Waggon" is an account of a recent journey through the territory of the British South Africa Company, which is excellent reading in all respects. The character and gifts of the late Sir Geoffrey Hornby are dealt with by Mr. Laird Clowes in an admirable memorial sketch of that popular naval chief.

Sir W. T. Marriott opens the *Fortnightly* with a cogent and vigorous review of "The Situation in Egypt," with which we dealt last week. Mr. Balfour's new book continues to attract the critics, Professor Wallace dealing with the "Foundations of Belief" with a good deal of shrewdness and not without an air of patronage. There is something in the tone of his article that recalls a professional philosopher's dealing with an amateur. Mr. Duffield treats of the "Candid Friends of the Liberal Party," such as Mr. Fletcher Moulton and Mr. R. Wallace, in somewhat rigorous strain. He does not approve of the plans and prescriptions of Mr. Moulton and other "cheery medicos" of the Liberal party. Mr. Laird Clowes contributes another notable article, this time on shore defence, not naval equipment. His description of the nature and action of the Waldemar-Lillieswic railway batteries, in "A System of Coast Defence," is extremely interesting and lucid. Much more will yet be heard of the new system of "mobile batteries." Dr. Max Nordau's notorious book on Degeneration has inspired a capital paper on "Literary Degenerates," by Miss Janet Hogarth. The art critics, especially those who regard Constable as the father of modern landscape painting, will be greatly fluttered by Mr. John Brett's "Landscape in the National Gallery." There is some truth in Mr. Brett's contention that dirt and age have made many an "Old Master." But Mr. Brett's handling of the Dutchmen reads like another Ruskin come to judgment, and his contemptuous depreciation of Claude and Constable has nothing in it but the emptiness of strong language.

Blackwood's is an excellent number this month. A lively picture of the archaeologist in the field is presented in the reminiscent article, "In Mitylene with the late Sir Charles Newton." From Tientsin, under the date 25 January, we have a valuable letter, "China's Extremity," dealing with the present perils and needs of China. The reform of China is what is wanted, the writer points out, for an "unreformed China falls the prey of every assailant." It is through the foreigner, he is convinced, that China is to be reformed, and self-regeneration is regarded by him as impossible. The agency of Chinese reformation must come from outside. Some further reminiscences of the Macdonells of Glengarry are contributed, under the title "A Highland Chief and his Family." Mr. Alfred Austin returns once more to his favourite poetic theme in some melodious stanzas on "The Coming of Spring." Lastly, we must note a valuable paper by General Sir G. B. Wolseley on "Our Indian Frontier," and the changes that have utterly transformed the "scientific frontier" of Lord Beaconsfield's time.

The *New Review* is an extremely varied number. In articles of political import it is still greatly to seek. Mr. Millar's paper, "The Literature of the Kailyard," is an amusing and timely protest against the present flood of parish-corner, Scotch dialect stories. Mr. Charles Whibley's sketch, "The True Degenerate," is no other than Dr. Max Nordau himself; and Mr. Whibley undertakes to prove that Dr. Nordau is as true a "mattoid" as any exemplified in his book "Degeneration," and one "afflicted with graphomania and monotypism, with misoneism and echo-

lalia." Here be hard terms, indeed, though, to be sure, Mr. Whibley, in his smart way, designates Professor Lombroso "the false prophet of Turin," "this sorry Italian," and other ungentle things. "The Case for Sweden" is put forth with force and clearness by "A Swedish M.P.," who lays down the points at issue between Norway and Sweden, the concessions the predominant partner is prepared to grant, and the terms upon which she is willing to yield them. Sir Herbert Stephen writes with conviction and force against the proposed Court for Revising Sentences in Criminal Cases; and Mr. David Hannay deals with a comparatively neglected aspect of naval efficiency in "The Manning of the Fleet."

In *Macmillan's* we note an excellent article on Vincent Bourne and his Latin poems by Mr. A. C. Benson; a review of the state of Italy, by Mr. Roylance-Kent, less despondent on the whole than some might anticipate; and several readable essays, such as the agreeable "When we were Boys," and "A Village School." A paper on the work of the Navy Records Society is properly appreciative yet discriminative.

The chief contents of *Longman's* are Mr. Froude's ninth lecture on "English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century"; an excellent article, signed "A. K. H. B.," on Dr. Church, the late Dean of St. Paul's; and Mr. Anthony Deane's charming little story, "Some Mischief Still."

The *English Illustrated* is a stronger number on the literary side than the pictorial. Miss Wilkins contributes a delightful New England story, "Comfort Pease and her Gold Ring"; Mr. Gilbert Parker, a striking second instalment of "Scenes in the Voshti Hills"; Archdeacon Farrar, an appreciative review of Mr. Balfour's recent book; Mr. Stanley Weyman, some further leaves from the "Memoirs of a Minister of France," which Mr. Sauber has cleverly illustrated. Many readers of Mr. Wilfred Meynell's amusing note on Lord Beaconsfield's "Lyre" will share the interest he confesses in the style and spirit of a bygone fashion of poetry.

We have also received the *Cornhill*; the *Monthly Packet*, a good number; the *Ladies' Treasury*; the *Woman at Home*; the *Humanitarian*; the *American Journal of Photography*; the *International Journal of Ethics*; the *Religious Review of Reviews*; the *Englishwoman*; the *English Mechanic*; the *Dawn of Day*; and the *Child's Pictorial*.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & CO., 14 COCKSPUR STREET; to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND; or to the CITY OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, LONDON, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any newsagent in Town or Country, on application to the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SINCLAIR GALLERIES

55, 57, 59

SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

FROM HANWAY STREET.

OLD FRENCH FURNITURE,

STATUARY AND MARBLE,

CHIMNEY PIECES,

RARE PORCELAIN,

BRONZES.

LITCHFIELD'S.

ESTABLISHED 1838.

INSURANCE.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE.
Est. 1803.—1 OLD BROAD ST., E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.
Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds over £1,500,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager

"THE TIMES" Dec. 29, 1894, says in a leading article on
"Our Daughters"

"FIVE per cent. was regarded as the current rate of interest on good security when paterfamilias set up housekeeping; now he must think 'himself lucky when he can get Three.'"

The MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York
Guarantees Five per cent.

UNDER ITS

Debenture Policy,

WHICH ALSO PROVIDES FOR

Death Duties, Children's Education, Marriage Settlements or Business Capital under one Contract,

ACCUMULATED FUNDS EXCEED £38,000,000.

Apply for particulars to any of the Branch Offices, or to

D. C. HALDEMAN, General Manager for the United Kingdom,
17 & 18 Cornhill, London, E.C.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.

APPLY FOR PROSPECTUS OF THE

National Provident Institution.

Established 1835.

This Institution has always divided the large Profits arising from Endowment Assurances exclusively amongst the Policyholders in this class.

48 Gracechurch Street, London.

A. SMITHER,
ACTUARY AND SECRETARY.

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Head Office: BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1824.

CAPITAL FIVE MILLIONS STERLING.

DIRECTORS OF THE COMPANY:

THE RIGHT HON. LORD ROTHSCHILD, *Chairman.*

JAMES ALEXANDER, Esq.	RICHARD HOARE, Esq.
CHARLES GEO. BARNETT, Esq.	SIR GEORGE C. LAMPSON, BART.
CHARLES EDWARD BARNETT, Esq.	FRANCIS ALFRED LUCAS, Esq.
RIGHT HON. LORD BATTERSEA.	EDWARD H. LUSHINGTON, Esq.
HON. K. PLEYDELL BOUVERIE.	HUGH COLIN SMITH, Esq.
THOMAS H. BURROUGHS, Esq.	RIGHT HON. LORD STALBRIDGE.
FRANCIS W. BUXTON, Esq.	LIEUT.-COL. F. A. STEBBING.
JAMES FLETCHER, Esq.	SIR C. RIVERS WILSON, K.C.M.G., C.B.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Fire Insurances granted at moderate rates of premium.

LEASEHOLD AND CAPITAL REDEMPTION POLICIES are granted, securing payment of a sum at the expiration of a fixed period.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Moderate rates of Premium. Large Bonuses, including Interim Bonuses. Policies Whole World and Indisputable.

DEATH DUTIES. Special forms of Policies have been prepared in order to enable the owners of property to make provision for the new **ESTATE DUTY.** Full particulars will be forwarded on application.

Prospectuses, Proposal Forms, and Statements of Accounts, may be had on application to
ROBERT LEWIS, Chief Secretary.

LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE

INSURANCE COMPANY.

INVESTED FUNDS - - - - - £8,406,405.

Fire—Life—Endowments—Annuities.

EXPENSES MODERATE. LIFE BONUSES LARGE.

DEATH DUTIES.

This Company is prepared to issue Life Policies covenanting to pay the **DEATH DUTIES** direct to the Government **BEFORE GRANT OF PROBATE**, and to secure the same advantage, when desired, to **UNENCUMBERED EXISTING POLICIES.**

HEAD OFFICES: 1 DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL; 7 CORNHILL, LONDON.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

FOUNDED 1848.

INVESTED FUNDS - - - - - £20,000,000.

AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 8.30, and **SATURDAY MATINEES** at 2.30, by arrangement with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, Humperdinck's Fairy Opera **HANSEL AND GRETEL** (in English). Box Office now open.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, Sole Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING at 9, **THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST**, a Trivial Comedy for Serious People, by **OSCAR WILDE**. Preceded at 8.30 by **IN THE SEASON**, by **LANGDON E. MITCHELL**. Doors open 8. Commence 8.30. Carriages 10.45. **CLOSED THURSDAY NEXT, April 11th. RE-OPEN for MATINEE, SATURDAY, April 13th, at 3. MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 3. Doors open 2.30. Box Office (Mr. Arnold) open Daily 10 till 5. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3903), ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NINETEENTH SATURDAY CONCERT, APRIL 13th, at 3. Vocalist, Madame Clara Samnell; Pianist, Miss Ethel Sharpe; The Grand Orchestra: Conductor, Mr. August Manns. The Programme will include Overture "Oberon" (Weber), Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 2 in E major (D'Albert); Larghetto in B flat and Symphony in G minor (Sterndale Bennett), and Symphonic Poem "Fertklänge" (Liszt); Numbered Seats, 2s. and 4s.; Unnumbered, 1s.

NIAGARA HALL, St. James's Park Station.

[UNSOLD'S PATENT, Most Successful in the World.]
REAL ICE SKATING. Ice always in perfect condition.
Daily 9.30 to 1.30. 1.30 to 6.50. 8 to 11.30. 3s.
Excellent Orchestra. First Class Restaurant. Open all day.

LAWRIE & CO., 15 Old Bond Street, have now on View
a Few Choice Pictures by Deceased Masters, including: **FRANZ HALS, VAN DYCK, REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, WOUVERMANS, CUYP, VAN DE VELDE, &c.**

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, S.W. 103rd **EXHIBITION NOW OPEN** to till 6. Admission 1s.

ADAM E. PROCTOR, Hon. Sec.

CLIFFORD GALLERIES, 21 Haymarket, S.W.—Now
on Exhibition, a Collection of **OIL AND WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS**, by Aubrey Hunt, of Life and Landscape in Tangiers and Morocco. Admission, on presentation of address card, 10 to 6.

CASH.—Married Ladies deriving incomes under Will or
Settlement, but who are restrained from anticipating same, in cases where it would be clearly for their benefit to borrow a sum of money in addition to their income, on reasonable terms, should without delay apply to **P. B. WOOLDRIDGE, Esq., 3 South Square, Gray's Inn, W.C.**

EDUCATIONAL.

ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE,
COOPER'S HILL, STAINES.

The **COURSE** of **STUDY** is arranged to fit an **ENGINEER** for employment in Europe, India, and the Colonies. About **FORTY STUDENTS** will be admitted in September, 1895. The Secretary of State will offer them for competition Twelve Appointments as Assistant Engineers in the Public Works Department, and Three Appointments as Assistant Superintendents in the Telegraph Department.—For particulars apply to the **SECRETARY**, at the College.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS, 1895.—Two of £80,
one of £50, one of £40. Examination begins July 17. For further information apply to the **Rev. the WARDEN**, Radley College, Abingdon.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for **SCHOLARSHIPS** will be held on May 28, 29, 30. Eleven scholarships at least, of value ranging between £80 and £300 per annum, will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under 15. —Apply to the **Secretary**, The College, Cheltenham.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION
to fill up not less than eight resident, five non-resident, Queen's Scholarships, and two valuable Exhibitions, will take place in July next. Detailed information may be obtained from the **HEAD MASTER**, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, Tiverton, Devon.—Seven (or more) SCHOLARSHIPS, under 15, will be AWARDED after Examination to be held **JUNE 20 and 21.**—Particulars may be obtained from the **HEAD MASTER**.

TREBOVIR HOUSE SCHOOL, 1 & 3 Trebovir Road,
South Kensington, S.W. Advanced Classes for Girls and Elementary Classes for Children. Principal, Mrs. W. R. COLE. The **Summer Term** will commence Thursday, May 2nd. Prospectuses forwarded on application.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL & COLLEGE.

The **SUMMER SESSION** will begin on **WEDNESDAY, MAY 1st, 1895.** The Hospital contains a service of 750 beds (including 75 for Convalescents at Swanley). Students may reside in the College within the Hospital walls, subject to the college regulation.

Scholarships and Prizes of the aggregate value of over £800 are awarded annually, and Students entering in May can compete for the Entrance Scholarships in September.

For full particulars apply to the **WARDEN OF THE COLLEGE**, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

A Handbook forwarded on application.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The **SUMMER SESSION** Begins on **May 1st.**

Students entering the School for the Summer Session are enabled to devote its three months for the uninterrupted study of chemistry, physics, and biology, and so to present themselves for the examinations in those subjects at the end of July. If successful therein they are free to devote the entire Winter Session to the lectures, practical work and study required for the more important professional subjects of anatomy and physiology. To enable students entering in May to thoroughly prepare themselves for the July examinations in chemistry and physics, there are special lectures and classes with courses of instruction in laboratory practice throughout the Summer Session. It is now compulsory that the Chemistry and Physics Examination of the conjoined Boards of the Colleges should be passed at least six months previous to the Primary Examination in Anatomy and Physiology.

On September 24th and 25th there will be an Examination for Entrance Scholarships in Natural Science in value from 50 to 100 guineas, for which students who enter in May are eligible to compete.

The Residential College is at present at 33 and 35 Westbourne Terrace, W.

Students received at a charge of £76 for the Academic Year.

Arrangements are now being made to build (1) A New Out-patients' Department, (2) A Residential College for Students, (3) New Special Wards, (4) A Nurses' Home, and (5) Well Isolated Wards for Lying-in Women. This will add 100 beds to the Hospital.

The Medical, Surgical, and Obstetric Tutors assist the Students in preparing for the final examination.

The School Secretary, Mr. F. H. Madden, will forward the Prospectus on application.

GEORGE P. FIELD, Dean.

A. P. LUFF, M.D., Sub-Dean.

FREEHOLD GROUND RENTS, CITY OF LONDON.

The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday the 21st of May, 1895, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the purchase of the valuable Freehold Ground Rents and Reversions of premises as under, viz.:

Lots	Ground Rent	£1550 per annum.
7 to 13 Monument Street,	" "	" "
27 to 35 "	" "	2430 "
No. 61, 62 Gracechurch Street,	" "	2010 "
No. 7 Warwick Lane,	" "	175 "
No. 9 King Street, Aldgate,	" "	92 "

Particulars and Plans of the Premises may be had at this Office, together with the conditions of sale.

Tenders must be sealed, endorsed outside "Tender for Freehold Ground Rent, Lots 7 to 13 Monument Street, &c." (stating the premises as the case may be), and be addressed to the undersigned at this Office, and must be delivered before one o'clock on the said day of treaty.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any Tender.

Persons sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Half-past One o'clock on the said day, and be then prepared (if their Tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent. on the purchase-money, and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeably to the conditions of sale.

H. MONTAGUE BATES,

Sewers' Office, Guildhall,
26th March, 1895.

Principal Clerk.

SHIPPING.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.
ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY
for the above COLONIES, calling at **PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and COLOMBO.**

Managers: { F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices:
ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. } Fenchurch Avenue, London.

For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO
BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, } every week.
EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS via BOMBAY.... }
CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, CHINA, STRAITS, JAPAN, } every fortnight.
AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA, NAPLES, }
ALEXANDRIA..... }

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

For particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., or 25 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

FLOR

An Excellent Medium Mild **INDIAN CIGAR**
of Exquisite Flavour and Aroma.

Mr. G. A. SALA writes:
"Bear favourable comparison
with choice Havana
cigars, and cost about one-
third."

DE

Price 2ss. and 20s. per 100 (two sizes),
Carriage Paid. Samples, Four and
Five, 1s.; post free, 12 Stamps.

DINDIGUL

BEWLAY & CO., Ltd., 49 & 74 Strand, W.C., & 143 Cheapside, E.C.

TOBACCONISTS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY. Established 1780.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST WILL CLOSE THIS DAY, SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

THE OCEANA MINERALS COMPANY, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - £500,000

IN 500,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH,

Of which 400,000 Shares (fully paid up) will be allotted to the Vendors in payment for the rights acquired, and the remaining 100,000 Shares are now offered for public subscription, and the amount thereof received will constitute the Working Capital of the Company.

Payable 2s. on Application, 3s. on Allotment, and the remainder in Calls of 5s. each at intervals of not less than six months each, but Shareholders can pay up in full at any time if desired.

Directors:

SIR DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, 125 Victoria Street, S.W., Chairman.
CLAUDE GRENFELL, Esq., 29 Chester Square, S.W.
SIR THOMAS FOWLER, Bart., } Directors of the
HENRY PASTEUR, Esq. } Oceana Company
F. R. BULLOCK, Esq. } Limited.

Bankers:

MESSRS. PRESCOTT, DIMSDALE, CAVE, TUGWELL & CO.,
Limited, 50 Cornhill, E.C.

Brokers:

MESSRS. GOVETT, SONS & CO., 4 Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.
GEORGE W. HILBURN, 14 Throgmorton Street, E.C.

Solicitors:

MESSRS. RENSHAW, KEKEWICH & SMITH,
2 Suffolk Lane, E.C.

Secretary and Offices (*pro tem.*):

S. C. FOX, 4 SUN COURT, CORNHILL, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THE Company has been formed to acquire a Concession to be granted by the Oceana Company, Limited, for the exclusive mining rights in relation to all the lands and properties belonging to the Oceana Company, Limited, in the South African Republic, together with prospecting, surface, and water rights incidental to mining purposes.

The properties belonging to the Oceana Company, Limited, in respect of which the Company will acquire the mining and incidental rights, are approximately situated as shown on the accompanying plan. They comprise farms of varying sizes in different parts of the country; but in most districts they form contiguous blocks of from two to nine farms each, which may be roughly grouped as follows:

In the Waterberg district,	134 farms.
In the Lydenburg district,	18 "
In the Rustenburg district,	28 "
In the Zoutpansberg district,	44 "
In the Middelburg district,	1 "

225 farms estimated to contain
about 1,250,000 acres.

It is now generally conceded that a great part of the Transvaal is highly mineralized, and the prospectors of the Oceana Company, Limited, have from time to time reported the existence of gold and other metals. It is therefore proposed to undertake systematic search with the working capital arising from the present issue of Shares, and as in the vicinity of some of these lands gold has already been found in paying quantities, it is considered likely that numerous mining properties suitable for remunerative working may be discovered, looking to the very extensive acreage now to be brought within the area of vigilant search. Prospecting will also now be aided by the vastly

improved transport facilities, and the increased knowledge of the districts and their capabilities.

It may be said that hitherto the search for precious minerals has been confined more or less to the portions of the Transvaal lying south of Pretoria—namely, the districts of Barberton and Johannesburg—but the construction of the Silati Railway, and the extension of the railway system northward from Pretoria to Waterberg and Zoutpansberg, where the greater part of the properties are situated, will open up prospects of examining into districts which, owing to distance and consequent expense, have only been prospected in a meagre manner in the past.

These circumstances, together with the fact that two farms have already been proclaimed by the Government to be public goldfields, justify the Directors in anticipating that this Company will have every prospect of success.

The terms on which the Company is to acquire the Concession have been embodied in the Agreement (2) below mentioned, and the consideration payable under the Agreement has (with the concurrence of the Oceana Company, Limited), been fixed by the Vendors to the Company at the sum of £400,000, payable in fully-paid Shares of the Company, and the Vendors will pay all expenses up to allotment, exclusive of fees and legal costs of registration, and will, out of the consideration, discharge the sum payable by them to the Oceana Company in respect of the Concession.

The following Contracts have been entered into:

- (1) An Agreement dated March 27, 1895, and made between the Oceana Company, Limited, of the one part and Messrs. Govett, Sons & Co., the Vendors to the Company, of the other part, for the grant of the Concession.
- (2) An Agreement made April 2, 1895, between the said Messrs. Govett, Sons & Co., of the one part and this Company of the other part.

Agreements have been entered into with third parties as to the promotion of the Company and the subscription of its Capital, to none of which the Company is a party, and applicants for Shares will be deemed to have notice of the contents of these, and will be required to waive their right, if any, to particulars thereof, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise, and subscriptions are received upon that condition only.

The Contracts and copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association may be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors.

Applications for Shares should be made on the Form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, Brokers, or to the Secretary, together with the amount payable upon application.

Where no allotment is made the sum so deposited will be returned in full, and if the number of Shares allotted be less than that applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the payment on allotment, and any balance will be returned.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company.

London, April 3, 1895.

THE
ROYAL WESTMINSTER OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL,

19 King William Street, West Strand, W.C.

Founded in 1816, by the late G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S., for the Relief of Indigent Persons afflicted with Diseases of the Eye.

ENTIRELY SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patrons.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

President—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G.

Chairman—SIR CHARLES TURNER, K.C.I.E.

Treasurers { G. B. HUDSON, Esq., M.P.
H. LINDSAY ANTROBUS, Esq.

THIS HOSPITAL receives the Indigent Poor on their own application, without Letters of Recommendation, and was the first to adopt this system of true Charity. Nearly 10,000 poor persons are relieved annually. It has afforded aid to upwards of 400,000 sufferers since its establishment.

There are 30 Beds available for In-Patients constantly occupied.

The undoubted fact that London is trending westward makes it every day more urgent that a large, perfectly constructed, and easily accessible Eye Hospital should be built to meet the imperative and constantly growing needs of the poor who come from all parts of the Metropolis and the United Kingdom.

The accommodation in the present building for both Out- and In-Patients is wholly inadequate to the daily increasing demand for relief. This will necessitate the rebuilding of the Hospital on a New Site, to provide which, and erect thereon an edifice replete with all the modern improvements rendered urgent by the rapid advance in Ophthalmic Science and Surgery, a sum of at least £50,000 will be required.

The Committee urgently appeal for New Annual Subscriptions for maintenance purposes, and they earnestly plead with the Benevolent to enable them to build the much-needed New Hospital.

Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; or to

T. BEATTIE-CAMPBELL, Secretary.

LEGACIES ARE ALSO ESPECIALLY SOLICITED.

THE HOSPITAL for DISEASES of the THROAT,
GOLDEN SQUARE, W. (FOUNDED 1863.)

Patron—HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The Committee of Management earnestly ask for—

DONATIONS to pay for the necessary Extensions.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to keep up the new Children's Ward.

LEGACIES to form an Endowment Fund.

Bankers—SIR SAMUEL SCOTT, Bart., & CO.

W. HOLT, Secretary.

Remington
Typewriter.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO DO YOUR
WRITING IN THE OLD WAY.

The daily use of the REMINGTON in the Royal Household is only another indication of its growing popularity, which is further evinced by the fact that our Machines are used in all Departments of Her Majesty's Service—10 REMINGTON'S being in use to 1 of all other makes combined.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
100 GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.

ROYAL SOCIETY

FOR THE

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

105 JERMYN STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.

PATRONS.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES the PRINCE & PRINCESS of WALES.

PRESIDENT.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G.

Chairman of Committee—SIR GEORGE S. MEASOM, J.P.

Treasurers—SIR GEORGE S. MEASOM, J.P., and R. RUTHVEN PYM, Esq.

Bankers—COUTTS & Co., Strand, London.

Upon this Institution, founded in 1824 (the only one having for its object the protection of dumb and defenceless animals), rests a heavy responsibility. It is earnestly and respectfully submitted, that it has in consequence a strong claim upon the benevolence of the humane and charitable.

The Committee respectfully appeal to the Public to extend a hearty assistance—

- I. By supplying early information to the Secretary of all acts of cruelty that have been witnessed.
- II. By increasing the revenue of the Society by Annual Subscriptions, by Donations, by Testamentary Gifts, and particularly by inducing their friends to become members.

Trained Officers are despatched to all parts of the Kingdom.

The operations of the Society draw from the funds an amount vastly exceeding the yearly subscriptions. The Committee need much greater assistance, and unless such additional support be extended to them, this most righteous cause of humanity must suffer from insufficiency of means to carry out those many urgent measures which every well-wisher of this Society has so deeply at heart.

Remittances may be forwarded to JOHN COLAM, Secretary.

SUPPORTED ONLY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The labour of other charities is divided among many Associations; but this Charity stands alone—the Defender of the defenceless—without any assistance.

Royal National Life-Boat Institution.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.

SUPPORTED SOLELY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

President—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.

Chairman—SIR EDWARD BIRKBECK, Esq., V.P.

Deputy Chairman—COLONEL FITZ-ROY CLAYTON, V.P.

Secretary—CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq., F.R.G.S.

APPEAL.

THE Committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution earnestly appeal to the British Public for Funds to enable them to maintain their 306 Life-Boats now on the Coast and their Crews in the most perfect state of efficiency. This can only be effected by a large and permanent annual income. The Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Dividends, are quite inadequate for the purpose.

The Institution granted Rewards for the Saving of 637 lives by the Life-Boats in 1894, and of 141 lives by fishing and other boats during the same period, the total number of lives, for the saving of which the Institution granted rewards in 1894 being 778. Total of lives saved, for which Rewards have been granted, from the Establishment of the Institution in 1824 to 31st December 1894, 38,633.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., at the Institution, 14 John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.; by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59 Strand; by all the other Bankers in the United Kingdom; and by all the Life-Boat Branches.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL,

(OPPOSITE WESTMINSTER ABBEY)

INSTITUTED 1719.

The Oldest Hospital in London dependent upon
voluntary contributions, is in

VERY URGENT NEED OF FUNDS.

Bankers:

MESSRS. C. HOARE AND CO., 37 FLEET STREET;

MESSRS. BARCLAY, RANSOM AND CO., 1 PALL MALL, EAST.

SIDNEY M. QUENNEL, Secretary.

BOOKS.

H. SOTHERAN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, and PUBLISHERS.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS & PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN
INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA, AND ABROAD.

A Monthly Catalogue; Specimen Number post free.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED; AND CATALOGUED AND ARRANGED

Telegraphic Address: BOOKMEN, LONDON. Code: UNICODE.

140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

AGENCY FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS & BOOK-SELLERS, of 27 and 29 West 23rd Street, New York, and 24 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. desire to call the attention of the READING PUBLIC to the excellent facilities presented by their Branch House in London for filling, on the most favourable terms, orders for their own STANDARD PUBLICATIONS, and for ALL AMERICAN BOOKS and PERIODICALS.

CATALOGUE sent on application.

Now ready, 58th Edition, price 2s.

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE. By a LADY. The Original Authorized Edition, brought down to the Present Time
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LIMITED.

CHEAP BOOKS.—3d. Discount in the Shilling from the Published Price of nearly all Books for Cash. Catalogues of Cheap Remainders and New Books gratis and post free. Orders by post executed by return.—GILBERT & FIELD, 67 Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

READY APRIL 8th.

NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "TIPCAT," "LADDIE," &c.

DON.

With Frontispiece by J. FINNEMORE.

In large crown 8vo, antique cloth extra, price 5s.

A NEW HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE COAST.

By DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE,

Author of "The Rebel Commodore," &c.

Large crown 8vo, antique cloth extra, price 5s.

W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

GENERAL SIR JOHN ADYE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Just Published, with Illustrations by the Author. Demy 8vo, 14s. net.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MILITARY LIFE.

By General Sir JOHN ADYE, G.C.B., R.A.,
Late Governor of Gibraltar."A very interesting and lively book, which will furnish equally attractive reading for soldiers and civilians."—*Daily Chronicle*.

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 Waterloo Place.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW sent by post at following
rates per annum, paid in advance.

Any part of the United Kingdom.....£1 8 2

All other parts of the World.....1 10 6

Copies for India, China, Borneo, Burmah, Ceylon, Egypt, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Australia, and New Zealand are now posted in *advance*, and catch the Friday evening's mail.

STEEL & JONES, 23 Craven Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Cassell & Co.'s Announcements.

NEW BOOKS.

COMPLETION OF THE NEW AND REVISED EDITION OF
CASSELL'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. With nearly
2000 Original Illustrations, expressly executed for this Edition. Now
ready, complete in Eight Volumes, 7s. each.

COMPLETION OF

THE STORY OF AFRICA AND ITS EXPLORERS.

By Dr. ROBERT BROWN, M.A., F.L.S., F.R.G.S., &c. With about
800 Original Illustrations. Complete in Four Volumes, 7s. 6d. each.

THE GOVERNOR'S GUIDE TO WINDSOR CASTLE.

By the Most Noble the Marquis of LORNE, K.T. Profusely Illustrated
Limp cloth, 1s.; cloth boards, gilt edges, 2s. [Just ready.]

NOTICE.—The SECOND EDITION of Mr. Sala's *Autobiography* is
nearly exhausted, and a THIRD EDITION is in preparation.

In Two Volumes, demy 8vo, 32s.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Written by Himself.

UNIFORM with STANLEY WEYMAN'S "MAN IN BLACK."

THE AVENGER OF BLOOD. By J. MACLAREN COBBAN,
Author of "The Red Sultan," &c. Price 3s. 6d. [Now ready.]

Third Edition Nearly Exhausted, Fourth Edition in Preparation, 1s. 4d.

A KING'S DIARY. By PERCY WHITE, Author of "Mr.
Bailey-Martin."

"One is absolutely staggered with the strong ending."—*Literary World*.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE IRON PIRATE," "THE SEA WOLVES," ETC.

Ready Shortly, price 6s.

THE IMPREGNABLE CITY. By MAX PEMBERTON.

"The Impregnable City" is the story of a life; the story of an unknown
city; the story of men who dreamed dreams; the story of mercy and of
death, of darkness and of light, of order and of chaos.

New Edition, with Portrait and Seven Illustrations, 3s. 6d.

A RIDE TO KHIVA. Travels and Adventures in Central
Asia. By FRED BURNABY. [Ready shortly.]

CASSELL & CO., LTD., Ludgate Hill, London; Paris and Melbourne.

THE NOVELS OF MRS. HENRY WOOD.

A New issue of the above is now in course of publication, at regular
monthly intervals.

THE FOURTH VOLUME,

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

(53rd Thousand)

Is just ready as follows:

In red cloth, gold lettered on side, similar to the 3s. 6d. edition,
price 2s. 6d.

In green cloth, gold lettered on back, with a plainer binding, price 2s.

EAST LYNNE

(400th Thousand),

THE CHANNINGS

(150th Thousand),

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES

(120th Thousand),

have already appeared in this edition.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

CONTENTS. APRIL. PRICE 2s. 6d.

Episodes of the Month.

Cheques. By VISCOUNT WOLMER, M.P.

The Choice of Books. By LESLIE STEPHEN.

Twelve Hundred Miles in a Waggon. By Miss BALFOUR.

The Currency Question—for Laymen

I. Introductory. By HERBERT GIBBS.

II. Trade and Industry. By Sir WILLIAM H. HOULDSWORTH,
Bart., M.P.

III. India. By Sir DAVID BARBOUR, K.C.S.I.

Sir Geoffrey Hornby. By W. LAIRD CLOWES.

The Progressive Check. By C. A. WHITMORE, M.P.

Twenty-five Years of a German Court Theatre. By J. G.
ROBERTSON.Resolutions of the House of Commons. By Professor G. W.
PROTHERO.

Recent Finance. By OBSERVER.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

THE CAMBRIDGE NATURAL HISTORY.

Edited by S. F. HARMER, M.A., and A. E. SHIPLEY, M.A. Volume III., MOLLUSCS and BRACHIOPODS. By Rev. A. H. COOKE, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; A. E. SHIPLEY, M.A., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge; and F. R. C. REED, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Illustrated. Medium 8vo, 17s. net.

THE TIMES.—"Altogether, to judge from this first volume, 'The Cambridge Natural History' promises to fulfil all the expectations that its prospectus holds out."

SIR SAMUEL BAKER: a Memoir. By T. DOUGLAS MURRAY, F.R.G.S., Executor to the late Sir Samuel Baker, and A. S. SILVA WHITE, Honorary F.R.G.S., Author of "The Development of Africa," &c. With Illustrations, Maps, and Portraits. 8vo, 21s.

SHORT STUDIES IN NATURE KNOWLEDGE.

An Introduction to the Science of Physiography. By WILLIAM GEE, Certificated Teacher of the Education Department, and of the Science and Art Department, Assistant Lecturer Manchester Field Naturalists' Society, Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE EVOLUTION OF INDUSTRY.

By HENRY DYER, C.E., M.A., D.Sc., Honorary Principal, Imperial College of Engineering, Japan; Life Governor Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College; Member of the Institution of Naval Architects, &c. 8vo, 10s. net.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

SOLDIERS THREE. The Story of the Gadsbys. In Black and White. Crown 8vo, 6s.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE. Under the Deodars, The Phantom Rickshaw, and other Stories. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LONDON.

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE OF FICTION.

Edited by OSWALD CRAWFURD.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. PRICE SIXPENCE.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will bring out on May 1, a non-illustrated Magazine, intended by them to be the counterpart, as to size, shape, and quality, in fiction, of what their *Fortnightly Review* is in essay writing.

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE will contain contributions from the following Novel writers among many others. The order of names is alphabetical:

Grant Allen	Anthony Hope	Barry Pain
E. F. Benson	E. R. Hornung	Gilbert Parker
Walter Besant	Violet Hunt	James Payn
Mrs. Clifford	Henry James	Eden Phillpotts
S. R. Crockett	J. K. Jerome	Richard Pryce
Mrs. Croker	Rudyard Kipling	W. Clark Russell
George Gissing	Mrs. Lynn Lintou	Mrs. Flora Annie Steele
Hamilton-Aide	Ian Maclaren	Florence Warden
Thomas Hardy	Frankfort Moore	Marriott Watson
Beatrice Harraden	George Moore	Stanley Weyman
Bret Harte	W. E. Norris	I. Zangwill
John Oliver Hobbes		

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE. Contents of No. 1.—

BRET HARTE: First Part of a Serial Novel.
ANTHONY HOPE: a Set of Dialogues.
JAMES PAYN: a Short Humorous Story.
STANLEY WEYMAN: a Romantic Drama.
INSPECTOR BATTLE (of the Criminal Investigation Department): His Experiences—Part I.
FRANKFORT MOORE: a Story of London Life.
VIOLET HUNT: First Part of a Serial Novel.
JOHN DAVIDSON: a New Ballad in forty-nine quatrains.

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE represents a fresh departure in Novel production, for the Publishers are offering to the public, at the price of Sixpence, a monthly volume of fiction, by the first authors of Great Britain and America, equivalent in amount of reading matter to an ordinary 6s. novel.

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE. Subscription for one year, 6s., or by post, in the United Kingdom, 9s., paid in advance to the Publishers.

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE can be obtained at all stationers, newsagents, and bookstalls in the United Kingdom.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LIMITED,

11 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.
462

Now Ready, at All Booksellers' and Libraries.

MR. GISSING'S NEW NOVEL EVE'S RANSOM.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

STRAPAROLA.—The NIGHTS of STRAPAROLA. Now first translated into English by W. G. WATERS. With 16 Full-page Illustrations by E. R. HUGHES, R.W.S. Two vols., imp. 8vo, 43 3s. net. One thousand copies printed for England and America. A prospectus, with a specimen plate, will be sent post free on application.

HORACE WALPOLE.—MEMOIRS of the REIGN of KING GEORGE the THIRD. First published by Sir DENIS LE MARCHANT, Bart., and now re-edited by G. F. RUSSELL BARKER. With 16 Portraits. Four vols., demy 8vo, 42 12s. 6d. net. 740 copies printed for England; 250 for America. A prospectus will be sent on application.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.—The SURPRISING ADVENTURES of BARON MUNCHAUSEN. Copiously Illustrated by WILLIAM STRANG and J. B. CLARK. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

BORDER BALLADS.—TWELVE BORDER BALLADS. With 12 Full-page Etchings by C. O. MURRAY, and an Introduction by ANDREW LANG. 4to, 41 1s. net.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

GEORGE GISSING.—IN the YEAR of JUBILEE. A Novel. Three vols., crown 8vo.

COLIN MIDDLETON.—WITHOUT RESPECT OF PERSONS. A Novel. One vol., crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MORLEY ROBERTS.—RED EARTH. One vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

J. H. PEARCE (Author of "Jaco Treloar," &c.).—TALES OF THE MASQUE. One vol., 18mo, 3s. 6d.

FAIRY TALES.

COSSACK FAIRY TALES. Translated by R. NISBET BAIN. Illustrated by ERNEST MITCHELL. Demy 8vo, 6s.

MOIRA O'NEILL.—THE ELF ERRANT. Illustrated by W. E. F. BRITTEN. Small 4to, 4s. 6d.

MADAME D'AULNOY'S FAIRY TALES. Translated by ANNIE MACDONELL and ELIZABETH LEE. With an Introduction by ANNIE THACKERAY RITCHIE. Illustrated by CLINTON PETERS. New Edition, with many additional illustrations. Fcap. 4to, 7s. 6d.

DRAMA.

JOHN FORD'S WORKS. Edited by WILLIAM GIFFORD and Rev. ALEXANDER DYCE. Re-issued, with Additions. Three vols., crown 8vo, 41 1s. net.

LAWRENCE & BULLEN, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

HURST & BLACKETT'S PUBLICATIONS.

FOUR NEW NOVELS.

NOW READY AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

A BACHELOR'S FAMILY. By HENRY F. BULLER, Author of "Kingsmead." 3 vols.

NEWLY FASHIONED. By MARGARET CROSS, Author of "Thyme and Rue," "Stolen Honey," &c. 2 vols.

A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY. By MARGUERITE BEVANT. 3 vols.

CANCELLED BONDS. By HENRY CRESSWELL, Author of "A Modern Greek Heroine," "A Willy Widow," &c. 3 vols.

HURST & BLACKETT'S

THREE-AND-SIXPENNY SERIES.

Crown 8vo, Uniformly bound, bevelled boards. Each 3s. 6d.

THE AWAKENING OF MARY FENWICK.

By Beatrice Whitby.

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By Mabel Hart.

HIS LITTLE MOTHER.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

MISTRESS BEATRICE COPE.

By M. E. Le Clerc.

A MARCH IN THE RANKS.

By Jessie Fothergill.

NINETTE.

By the Author of "Vera," "Blue Roses," &c.

A CROOKED PATH.

By Mrs. Alexander.

ONE REASON WHY.

By Beatrice Whitby.

MAHME NOUSIE.

By G. Manville Fenn.

THE IDES OF MARCH.

By G. M. Robins.

PART OF THE PROPERTY.

By Beatrice Whitby.

CASPAR BROOKE'S DAUGHTER.

By Adeline Sergeant.

JANET.

By Mrs. Oliphant.

A RAINBOW AT NIGHT.

By the Author of "Mistress Beatrice Cope."

IN THE SUNTIME OF HER YOUTH.

By Beatrice Whitby.

MISS BOUVERIE.

By Mrs. Molesworth.

FROM HARVEST TO HAYTIME.

By the Author of "Two English Girls."

THE WINNING OF MAY.

By the Author of "Dr. Edith Romney."

SIR ANTHONY.

By Adeline Sergeant.

THUNDERBOLT. An Australian Story.

By the Rev. J. Middleton MacDonald.

MARY FENWICK'S DAUGHTER.

By Beatrice Whitby.

ROBERT CARROLL.

By the Author of "Mistress Beatrice Cope."

London: HURST & BLACKETT, Limited, 13 Great Marlborough Street.

Messrs. WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS'

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS.

STANDARD EDITION

IN HALF-CROWN VOLUMES.

ADAM BEDE. Vol. I.

[Just Ready.]

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL'S NEW WORK.

At all Booksellers.

A DUKE OF BRITAIN: a Romance of the Fourth Century. Crown 8vo, 6s.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

The Camp—The Plot—The Ambush—The Summons—The Battle—The Island—The Bishop—The Chase—The Route—The Tidings—The Lover—The Palace—The Minister—The Baths—The Banquet—The Review—The Cloud—The Murder—The Fire—The Escape—The Treasure—The Alarm—The Flight—The Siege—The Triumph—The Severance—The Duke—The Devastation—The End.

Next week will be Published.

THIRTY YEARS OF SHIKAR. By Sir

EDWARD BRADDON, K.C.M.G. With Illustrations by G. D. Giles, and a Map of Oudh Forest Tracts and Nepaul Terai. Demy 8vo, 18s.

At all Booksellers.

THE CURSE OF INTELLECT. Fcap 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Complete in One Volume.

DANOVITCH, and other Stories. By WALTER

B. HARRIS, Author of "A Journey through the Yemen." Crown 8vo, 6s.

This day is Published

JOHN STUART MILL: a Study of his Philo-

sophy. By CHARLES DOUGLAS, M.A., D.Sc., Lecturer in Moral Philosophy, Edinburgh University. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

At all Libraries.

THE DIVERSIONS OF A PRIME MINISTER.

By BASIL THOMSON, Author of "South Sea Yarns." With a Map and numerous Illustrations. Small demy 8vo, 15s.

Third Edition.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOHN

GLADWYN JEBB. By his WIDOW. With an Introduction by H. RIDER HAGGARD, and Electrogravure Portrait of Mr. Jebb. Small demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 954. APRIL 1895. 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS.

CHINA'S EXTREMITY.

THE COMING OF SPRING. By ALFRED AUSTIN.

A HIGHLAND CHIEF AND HIS FAMILY.

OUR INDIAN FRONTIER. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE B. WOLSELEY, K.C.B.

THE ENGLISH FOOD GIFTS AFTER THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

DANIEL IN THE CRITIC'S DEN. By ROBERT ANDERSON, LL.D.

A FOREIGNER. CHAPS. XXI.-XXV.

THE GREAT UNCLAIMED.

IN MITYLENE WITH THE LATE SIR CHARLES NEWTON.

THE SHORT SEA CROSS-CHANNEL ROUTES.

MEN AND WOMEN.

POLITICAL EVOLUTION.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF TUR-

GOT, the Comptroller-General of France, 1774-1776. Edited for English Readers by W. WALKER STEPHENS. 8vo, 12s. 6d.

[In a few days.]

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON in "The Meaning of History" says: "These two years, from 1774 to 1776, are at once the brightest and the saddest in the modern history of France."

THE EVOLUTION OF WHIST: a Study

of the Progressive Changes which the Game has undergone from its Origin to the Present Time. By WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S., Mus. Doc. Oxon., Author of "The Theory of the Modern Scientific Game of Whist," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A PRIMER OF EVOLUTION. By

EDWARD CLODD, Author of "The Story of Creation," &c. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

BIRD NOTES. By the late JANE MARY

HAYWARD. Edited by EMMA HUBBARD. With Frontispiece and 15 Illustrations by G. E. Lodge. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Lovers of birds will delight in this volume."—*Times*.

THE MATCHMAKER. By L. B. WAL-

FORD, Author of "Mr. Smith," "One Good Guest," &c. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"The Matchmaker" is delightful . . . We cannot spare pity for any one who, if weather-bound in country or town, has a comfortable chair by a good fire, and 'The Matchmaker' for a companion."—*Lady's Pictorial*.

A NEW ROMANCE OF ADVENTURE.

THE JEWEL OF YNYS GALON:

being a hitherto Unprinted Chapter in the History of the Sea Rovers. By OWEN RHOSCOMYL. With 12 Illustrations by Lancelot Speed. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"The book is admirably written in the neo-romantic style, and takes a prominent position among the stories of the most popular of recent schools of fiction."—*Scotsman*.

VERSE TRANSLATIONS FROM

CLASSIC AUTHORS. By CYRIL E. F. STARKEY, M. A. Crown 8vo, 5s.

[In a few days.]

A BOOK OF SONG. By JULIAN STURGIS.

Crown 8vo, 5s.

"Just so, one imagines, were the Elizabethan songs written, at a time when everybody could write them; when there was music in the air, and people's thoughts went out rhythmically to meet the music."—*Athenæum*.

BALLADS AND OTHER VERSE. By

A. H. BEESLY. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

"May be commended to the notice of lovers of true poetry. Set in a strong English mode, of pure and healthy inspiration, not superficially passionate, nor fervid, but breathing an experienced self-control that includes, but is not mastered by passion. Mr. Beesly's verse is indeed welcome. His ballads have a rare fire in them, and a songfulness for which we had lately to turn to Mr. Kipling."—*St. James's Gazette*.

NEW VOLUME OF THE "SILVER LIBRARY."

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST. By E. W.

HORNUNG, Author of "A Bride from the Bush," &c. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"A very vivid and impressive book, which abounds in strong passages and is well sustained throughout. . . . Harrowing and tragic in parts, but undeniably forcible and touching. It is, indeed, the best story we have yet read of Mr. Hornung's."—*Westminster Gazette*.

THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.

WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET:

a Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Baltistan, Gilgit, and the Adjoining Countries. By E. F. KNIGHT. With a Map and 54 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, 3s.

"Our troubles in Chitral will send many readers back to Mr. Knight's excellent book, 'Where Three Empires Meet.' It contains an admirable narrative of the Hunza-Nagar expedition which led almost directly to the present situation; and it gives a graphic picture of one of our 'little wars.'"—*St. James's Gazette*.

LONGMAN'S CIVIL ENGINEERING SERIES.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF

HARBOUR CONSTRUCTION. By WILLIAM SHIELD, F.R.S.E. M. Inst. C.E., Executive Engineer National Harbour of Refuge, Peterhead, N.B. With 97 Illustrations. Medium 8vo, 15s. net.

LONDON AND NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

463

George Allen's Announcements.

SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE,"

With over 90 Full-page Illustrations, besides 80 Canto Headings, Initials, 60 Tailpieces, and Specially Designed Cover, by WALTER CRANE.

New (limited) Edition, hand-printed on Arnold's Unbleached Hand-made Paper, large post 4to. In Nineteen Monthly Parts, price 10s. 6d. net each Part. No odd Parts supplied.

The 25 Copies printed in red and black on Japanese vellum, are all taken up.

The Text (which has been collated from Four Editions, including that of 1590) is Edited by THOMAS J. WISE.

The **First Book** (in Three Parts), consisting of 256 pages with 14 Full-page Designs and 23 Canto Headings and Tailpieces, £1 11s. 6d., is now ready.

Part IV. (80 pages), with 5 Full-page Designs, 5 Canto Headings, and 4 Tailpieces. [Now ready.]

Part V. (88 pages), with 5 Full-page Designs, 4 Canto Headings, and 2 Tailpieces. [Now ready.]

Part VI., completing the **Second Book**, will consist of 112 pages, with 8 Full-page Illustrations, 4 Canto Headings, and 3 Tailpieces. [In April.]

Each Book will contain about the same number of Illustrations.

By JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS.

MEMORIES AND THOUGHTS OF A LIFE.

Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d., 400 pp., with Photogravure Portrait.

The Times.—"Whether we agree or not with Judge O'Connor Morris's criticisms on the present defects of Irish administration and suggestions for their amendment, his remarks are well worth reading."

Scotsman.—"As to the land question and local government, Judge O'Connor Morris has a good deal to say which is worthy of consideration as reflecting the matured views of one who is himself practically interested in the soil."

Irish Independent.—"Taken as a whole, this book is a notable one, because of the thoughtful and sincere contribution to the discussion of great public questions, affecting Ireland, which it contains."

The Spectator.—"No man can ever have had a better right to record his experiences in type, on the strength of having written articles on every conceivable subject."

Westminster Gazette.—"Judge Morris deserves hearty thanks for a book which is as honest as it is clever."

Will be ready at end of April.

A NEW EDITION OF MARMONTEL'S MORAL TALES.

Selected and Re-translated, with Biographical and Critical Introduction and Notes,

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

With Forty-five Illustrations by CHRIS HAMMOND. About 460 pp., crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Will be issued at end of April.

By JOHN RUSKIN.

THE HARBOURS OF ENGLAND.

With the Twelve Illustrations made expressly for the Work by the late J. M. W. TURNER. The Plates used in this Edition have been reproduced in Photogravure from specially selected impressions of the Engravings in the first issue. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

There will be 250 Large Paper Copies on Hand-made Paper, with India Proofs of the Plates, large post 8vo, 15s.

The Work, which has been out of print since 1877, will contain an Introduction by T. J. WISE.

THE RUSKIN READER: Being Selected Portions from Mr. Ruskin's Works, intended chiefly for the Use of Schools, &c. (These are not included in the Vols. of Selections published in 1893.) About 200 pp., fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

WORKS BY JOHN RUSKIN.

Small post 8vo, cloth, each 5s.; roan, gilt edges, each 7s. 6d.; half-parchment, gilt top, 6s. 6d.

SESAME AND LILIES. A Small Complete Edition, containing the Three Lectures, "King's Treasures," "Queen's Gardens," and "The Mystery of Life," with long Preface and Index.

MUNERA PULVERIS. Six Essays on the Elements of Political Economy.

THE EAGLE'S NEST. Ten Lectures on the Relation of Natural Science to Art.

TIME AND TIDE, BY WEARE AND TYNE. Twenty-five Letters to a Working Man of Sunderland on the Laws of Work.

THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE. Four Essays on Work, Traffic, and the Future of England. With Articles on the Economy of the Kings of Prussia. Eighth Edition.

QUEEN OF THE AIR: a Study of the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm. Third Edition.

THE TWO PATHS. Lectures on Art and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture, delivered 1858-9. With New Preface and added Note. Third Edition.

"A JOY FOR EVER" (and its Price in the Market). The Substance of Two Lectures on the Political Economy of Art. With New Preface and added Articles.

LECTURES ON ART. Delivered at Oxford in 1850. Revised by the Author, with New Preface. Sixth Edition.

THE ETHICS OF THE DUST. Ten Lectures to Little Housewives on the Elements of Crystallization. Crown 8vo. Seventh Edition.

Now ready, crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. each; roan, gilt edges, 10s. each; half-parchment, gilt top, 6s. each. Complete with all the Plates.

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE. The 14 Plates for this Edition have been specially prepared from the larger work. Fifth Edition.

ARATRA PENTELICI: Seven Lectures on the Elements of Sculpture. With 1 Engraving on Steel and 20 Autotype Plates.

VAL D'ARNO: Ten Lectures on Art of the Thirteenth Century in Pisa and Florence. With 1 Steel Engraving and 12 Autotype Plates.

ARIADNE FLORENTINA: Six Lectures on Wood and Metal Engraving, and Appendix. With 4 Full-page Facsimiles from Holbein's "Dance of Death," and 12 Autotype Plates.

LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE AND PAINTING. Delivered at Edinburgh in November, 1853. With 15 Full-page Illustrations drawn by the Author.

RUSKIN HOUSE, 136 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO., at 14 Tavistock Street, and Published by ALFRED CUTHBERT DAVIES at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 6 April, 1895.